

THE Foundling Hospital

FOR
W I T.



Intended for the

Reception and Preservation of such Brats of WIT and
HUMOUR, whose Parents chuse to Drop them.

NUMBER VI. to be Continued Occasionally.

CONTAINING,

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 The Court Ballad on Dr. C—s Sermon. | 8 The Bottle-Conjurer |
| 2 The embarrassed Knt. to Sir C. H. W—s. | 9 To the Independent E—s of W—r. |
| 3 A congratulatory Ode to the D. of N—le on his going to H—r. | 10 Odes, Rhapsodies, &c. on Peace. |
| 4 A new Ballad on Sir Billy Tinsel, L—M—. | 11 A Reduced Officer's Complaint. |
| 5 Sir W—m St—pe's Speech on the Buckingham Bill, &c. &c. &c. | 12 Petition of Justice B—d—ns Horse to the D. of N—le. |
| 6 Isis, an Elegy, to the Gentlemen of Ox—d. | 13 On the late M—rt—l Bills. |
| 7 Advice to Mr. L—g—n the dwarf Fan-Painter, at Tunbridge Wells. | 14 A Fable to the E—l of G—lle. |
| | 15 Filch at the Gallows. |
| | 16 Prologue and Epilogue spoke by Prince George, &c. |
| | 17 Account of Sieur Rocquet |
| | 18 A Ballad on B—n and W—r. |

With many other Curious Pieces, some of which never before printed.

By TIMOTHY SILENCE, Esq.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. Paul's. 1749.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

Where may be had any of the Preceeding Numbers.

Foundling Hospital

W I T

Printed and Published by W. T. and
the other Trustees of the Hospital

NUMBER VI. of the 10th October 1799.

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W. T. and the other Trustees of the Hospital

LONDON

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THE
Foundling Hospital
FOR
W I T.

NUMBER VI.

*To the Reverend Dr. C—— on his Excellent Sermon
preached before his M——y.*

Dear Doctor,

AT the Request of several very young Gentlemen and Ladies, and some very elderly Ones, who never heard the like, the following Scrap of Poetry, far short of your Desert, is dedicated to you, for enlightening their Understanding, heightening their Imaginations, touching their Passions, and tickling their Pulse,

By your humble and obliged

JOSEPH.

B

The

The C——T SERMON. A new Ballad.

YE Beaux and ye Belles, both in Court and in City,
 Your Attention I beg to my comical Ditty,
 And of a strange Sermon you'll presently hear,
 Such as never before reach'd his M——'s Ear.

Derry down.

Young *Joseph* that Youth of most innocent Life,
 Who was tempted and teas'd by old *Potiphar's* Wife,
 A Priest (who for want of Promotion was vex'd)
 Revengefully chose for his Subject and Text.

Derry down.

Quoth the Doctor in Dudgeon, I'LL GIVE IT the C--t?
 And tho' to a Man they are fond of the Sport,
 I'll ne'er mince the Matter but loudly proclaim,
 Of whoring, and wenching, the Sin and the Shame.

Derry down.

So said and so done, up the Rostrum he mounted,
 And every fly Sinner confoundedly hunted ;
 Told the Girls when their Pulse and their Passions were
 high,
 What they long'd to be at if young Fellows were nigh.

Derry down.

He told them such Passions were rais'd by bad Books,
 And warn'd them of leering and languishing Looks,
 And, as if from Experience, enlarg'd on the Sin
 Of bewitching young *Josephs*, and drawing them in.

Derry down.

Of Venereal Disorders very grossly he prated,
 And in innocent Minds odd Ideas created ;
 Put the Thing in young Heads like an ignorant Elf,
 Which is very well known to breed fast of itself.

Derry down.

If

If *Misauvine*, *L---w---n*, or *Rock* had been there,
 Heard of Poxes in Pulpits, 'twou'd have made them all
 stare,

And have wickedly thought, by his choice Terms of Art,
 That under the *Rose* he had felt all the Smart.

Derry down.

Such Subjects with Decency Teachers should touch,
 Lest in speaking too plain, they should publish too much,
 And the Truth of the old Woman's Proverb declare,
 Who never had search'd, if she ne'er had been there.

Derry down.

Of Discourses like these, ye C---t Preachers beware,
 And think *Covent-Garden* the properer Air ;
 In the Hundreds of *Drury* there build up a Stage,
 To preach Bawdy, and lash all the Whores of the Age.

Derry down.

And now I have done, as you'd think it high Time,
 With the Doctor, the Sermon, and whimsical Rhyme,
 May the B---ps be made of such Parsons as these,
 Then they'll never preach more, nor the C---t will dis-
 please.

Derry down.

The EMBARRASS'D KNIGHT. A SATIRE.

Occasion'd by seeing an Ode inscrib'd to Lord Ch---d.

Formidine fustis

Ad bene dicendi redactus.

WHO's this? what! *Ha—y* the LYRICK?
 Changing his Note to PANEGYRICK,
 In fearful Dread of Fighting?
 But 'tis in vain; for *Hu—y* swears,
 If *Cynthius* won't, he'll lug your Ears,*
 And make you leave off writing.

* *Cynthius aurem vellit et admonuit.*

Think you, because you ba—ly fled
 To Sax—y to hide your Head,
 On Odes you still may venture ?
 Or wipe off Scandal left at Home,
 By meanly dawbing him, in whom
 All Commendations centre ?

No ; *St—pe* chuses thy Abuse,
 Detesting such a filthy Muse,
 Whose very Praise is Satire ;
 For well he knows the worthless K—t is
 Just such another as *Thersites*,
 For Bulk, Abuse, and Stature.

If charg'd with Courage Man should be,
 (Like Powder in Artillery
 Proportion'd to the Barrel)
 Can'st thou. a *Blunderbuss* so large,
 With scarce a *Pocket-Pistol's* Charge,
 Presume to bounce, or quarrel.

Then quit these dangerous, trifling Lays,
 With low Abuse, or empty Praise,
 'Tis Nonsense all, and Folly ;
 Or if you will be writing Odes,
 Which ev'ry Mortal here explodes,
 Write Bitth-day Odes for *Colley*.

There may you stretch Poetick Wing,
 Sing Peace, or War, GOD BLESS THE K—G,
 And all his Measures praise ;
 Then, should old Cy—er chance to dye.
 And Hu—y lets you come, and try,
 Perhaps you'll get the Bays.

*Congratulatory O D E, most humbly inscribed to
the STATESMAN on his TRAVELS.*

By JOSHUA JINGLE, Esq; *Poet-Laureat to the Pele-
mites, Selemites, and other great Personages.*

*Si PROCERES peccant, — —
Exemplo et sceleri pœni paranda duplex.*

OLD Eng—d mourns her past Disgrace,
Sad Fate of her unhappy Race,
By Gibbets, Goals; and Axes ;
Th' inglorious Slaughter War has made,
Her rising Debts, her sinking Trade,
Her Places, Pensions, Taxes.

Cross'd with such Cares, press'd with such Pains,
What Wonder if she thus complains,
Tells thus her dismal Story ;
In hopes some wise, some Patriot Chief,
Some Statesman born for her Relief,
Might yet retrieve her Glory.?

But *Holly* of her C—ll's Head,
Having o'ercome his Water-dread,
Thro' foreign Realms is running ;
Some Strangers stare to see his Plate,
More smile at his projected Pate,
Pate unaccus'd of Cunning.

Possess'd of Posts, and Power at Home,
Oh ! why should mighty *Holly* roam,
And leave O--d Eng—d weeping ?
'Twas—Truth to say—because afraid,
Had others gone, or had he staid,
He was not sure of keeping.

This

This slip'ry Tenure calls him forth,
 At more Expence than quell'd the North,
 So late in Life to travel ;
 At mighty Feasts, of mighty Things,
 With Princes set, expecting Kings,
 To talk—and Plots unravel.

Not *Gallic* Plots, for *Gallia* now
 As *Holly* thinks is forc'd to bow
 By his superior Knowledge ;
 Alas ! in Politics how mad !
 And yet no Blockhead when a Lad,
 At *W—* or College.

For these high Meals, this foreign Praise,
 What mighty Sums did some Folks raise,
 And what is more amazing,
 My *L—* too as well as He,
 Must go in Triumph over Sea ;
 To set the World a Gazing.

Happy if their own private Store,
 Acquir'd by wiser Folks before,
 These Projects only troubled ;
 But ours, they'll measure by his Sense,
 Compute our Wealth by his Expence,
 And then our Tribute's doubled.

New Treaties from these Feasts shall spring,
 New Princes gain'd, perhaps a K—
 More Schemes for *Europe's* Quiet ;
 Hence daily new Demands may rise,
 New Quota's, Loans, and Subsidies,
 Sharp Sauce to *G—n* Diet.

Thus

Thus the young Squire his Wealth bestows
 On home-spun Feasts and tawdry Cloaths,
 On Horses, Hounds and Harlot ;
 Untill Mamma to mend his Taste
 Sends him to cross the *Alps* in haste
 With some *Bear-leading* Varlet.

Thus tutor'd NUMPS grows worse and worse,
 False Taste acquires, what greater Curse!
 Brings home a Race of Vipers ;
 And on his new Refinements bent,
 In twice five Years th' Estate is spent,
 On Panders, Pimps, and Pipers.

Sir BILLY TINSEL. *An Excellent New BALLAD.*

To the Tune of the Abbot of *Canterbury*.

A Story I'll tell you, a Story so merry,
 But not of the Abbot of *Canterbury*,
 For of *London* I sing, and of *London's* L—d M—y--r :
 Attend then, I pray you, my Ditty to hear.
Derry down, &c.

This City, saith *Stow*, in his *Annals* of old,
 Had its Mayor, call'd *my Lord*, with his Chain of pure
 Gold,
 And to add to the Dignity during the Year,
 His Lordship is plac'd in a great Elbow-chair.
Derry down, &c.

In the Times of our Fathers, great Men of Renown
 Were advanc'd to this Honour, for Merit well known,
 But Merit, of late Years, but seldom is seen ;
 There's few that possess it but old-fashion'd Men.
Derry down, &c.
 But

But I pray now, good People, from this don't infer,
That I mean to reflect on our new-made L—d M—r :
His Merits are great, and his Virtue's are known,
And his Zeal for K—g H—y's as warm as his Gown.
Derry down, &c.

His Youth at *Emanuel, Cambridge*, he spent :
To study Divinity was his Intent :
And to read o'er the Fathers resolved was he,
In hopes my Lord Bishop one Day for to be.
Derry down, &c.

Aspiring his Genius, sublime were his Parts,
To gain a Reward, which he thought his Deserts
Gave him Title to think of, by Study and Care :
At last, at a Distance, he ey'd a great Chair.
Derry down, &c.

But mark ! a Beer-brewer of Eminence great
From this earthly Climate one Day did retreat ;
To a buxom brisk Widow, the Care of his Beer
He bequeath'd, with a Fortune of Hundreds a Year.
Derry down, &c.

Not long ere our Student from College to Town,
To visit this Widow, and make her his own,
Came and told the fair Lady he well understood
How to manage her Cask, and her Beer when 'twas brew'd.
Derry down, &c.

So smart and so smug our young Lover appear'd
With modest Assurance (for nothing he fear'd)
He attack'd the blyth Widow with man-like Addresses,
And she soon condescended his Wishes to bless.
Derry down, &c.

Exalted in Splendour, he soon sally'd forth,
And thro' the the whole Ward gave Proofs of his Worth :
The

The good Alderman dy'd ; and to keep up the Spirit,
To succeed him they thought that young *Billy* had Merit.
Derry down, &c.

To oppose ministerial Jobs, and Excise,
And other such Maxims, more wicked than wile,
The new chosen Alderman firmly engag'd,
Which the Grief of the Citizens somewhat assuag'd.
Derry down, &c.

Soon after Sir *Robert*, whose Zeal, and whose Cares
For this City and Nation, appear'd by his Tears,
Dy'd ; and made in the Senate a Vacancy : Where
Zealous *C—lv—t* was chose, in his Room to appear.
Derry down, &c.

For some Time he adher'd to his Promise and Trust,
And oppos'd all those Measures that deem'd were unjust ;
'Till one Day he chanc'd to step over the Way,
And Compliments great to K—g *H—r—y* did pay.
Derry down, &c.

Great *H—r—y*, surpriz'd by our Senator, bow'd,
And told him his Merit had long been allow'd
By the K—g and his Courtiers, and fear'd not one Day,
He'd approve the good Precepts of Vicar of *Bray*.
Derry down, &c.

The Senator stopp'd, and Obeysance low made,
Whatever good Sir, of Excises I've said,
And other wise Measures propos'd by the Crown,
Or their Ministers, formerly to me unknown.
Derry down, &c.

Your Honour's great Wisdom convinces me clear,
I have been mistaken ; and now I do swear,
That no Measures e'er can be safely pursu'd
But those which your Honour shall think to be good.
Derry down, &c.
Such

Such Marks of Conversion his Honour approv'd,
 And thenceforth his *trusty*, he stil'd him *below'd*,
 And assur'd him, the City by him should obtain
 Many Things that before they'd apply'd for in vain.
Derry down, &c.

Thus advanc'd to high Favour in *H—r—y's* Esteem,
 Soon after by Title a Knight he became,
 Sir *Billy* then strutted in lac'd Coat most fine :
 But some thought that 'twas nought but his *Tinsel* did
 shine.
Derry down, &c.

At length it fell out, that our City distress'd,
 And by Fall of our Trade, their Revenues decreas'd,
 To assist them in S—n—te a Motion was made,
 And a Bill order'd in for to grant what was pray'd.
Derry down, &c.

The Bill was committed, in order to pass,
 All Things were prepar'd, and withdrawn was the Mace,
 When Sir *Billy*, uncall'd for, jump'd into the Chair,
 Which caus'd great Confusion 'mongst those who met
 there.
Derry down, &c.

Then down came the Sp——r, said, Sirs, What d'ye
 mean ?
 Such Disorders amongst you I never have seen :
 'Till Sir *John*, for to quiet the Noise did declare,
 None more fit than Sir *Bill* for a Cypher was there.
Derry down, &c.

Thus adorned with Dignity, Title, and Cloaths,
 Did the Knight shew the City by whom he was chose,
 How well he could manage Debate in a Chair,
 In hopes that one Day he might be their L---d M---
Derry down, &c.

The Time came about, the Election drew near,
 The Freemen were summon'd each one to appear

In *Guildhall*, to chuse a chief Magistrate, who
Was to govern the City the Year to ensue.

Derry down, &c.

Sir *Billy* was talk'd of, as next to the Chair,
But some thought a Courtier not fit to come there ;
This frighted the Knight, who with Haste and full Speed
Hy'd away to K---g H---y, for his Aid he had need.

Derry down, &c.

His Honour receiv'd him with Favour and Grace,
And promis'd Excisemen, and Postmen, and Place,
Shou'd attend with their Mobs, to huzza and proclaim
The new Merit due to his C—lv—rt's great Name.

Derry down, &c.

Accordingly rang'd and drawn up on the Day,
Diffenters of all Kinds, and Placemen for Pay,
Cry'd aloud, We'll have C—lv—t to be our L--d M—r,
For K— H—y a Convert doth now him declare.

Derry down, &c.

Sir *Bill* then was chose, and being chain'd and full
dres'd,
Toward the Hall he stept forward, and thus he express'd
To the Commons, My Friends, not my old ones I mean,
But my new-leagu'd Allies, and my P—b-m's true Men.

Derry down, &c.

Since you now elected have me to the Chair,
I'll in few Words inform you what sort of a M—r
You shall have for the Time I am destin'd to be
Of this City chief Magistrate, of which you're free.

Derry down, &c.

And first I think proper to you to declare,
No Alderman's fit to be President here,
That his Honour's wife Measures shall aim to disturb,
Or in Zenith of Power shall attempt him to curb.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' lately some Magistrates, such as *W—B—n*,
 Did with others in Closets and Chambers convene,
 T'oppose vile Corruption, and against it they roar'd,
 Yet I hope they will always by you be abhorr'd.

Derry down, &c.

I, during the Time I shall reign in this Place,
 Will obey my *K—H—y*, and honour his *Grace* ;
 Such *Par nobile fratrum* before we ne'er saw,
 To you I'll commend 'em, and beg to withdraw.

Derry down, &c.

Now here ends my Ditty : I've only to pray,
 That the Citizens may, on next *Michaelmas* Day,
 Examine and prove first the Man they shall choofe,
 And not trust to such as have Treasury Views.

Derry down, &c.

An ODE for the 23d of September 1747.

FOR the Glory of *Kellum*
 Let's record upon Vellum
 What Hirelings ascended his Booth ;
 When at a late Race
 Stood each impudent Face,
 Foes to Honesty, Virtue, and Truth.

The foremost in Power,
 Was treacherous *G——r* ;
 Tho' inferior in Title and Birth,
 To his Grace, the first Lord
 Of the maritime Board,
 Whose Element shou'd be the Earth.

Next

Next these might you view
 A Champion or two,
 Who came there to embellish the Scene,—
 With a Badge on their Side
 Of Corruption and Pride,
 But not of a Heart brave and clean.

A new Senator grim
 Yet stately and trim,
 As the Statue of *William* the Third ;
 With his Brother the Tar,
 Whose Success in War
 An illegal Election procur'd.

Poor Sir *Richard* was near
 The disconsolate Peer,
 But durst not adventure to run ;
 For when lately he struggl'd,
 And cheated and juggl'd,
 His Prize was a base wooden Spoon,

Two Brothers conspire,
 The Lord and the 'Squire,
 To advance their Patron to Fame :
 But alas ! nor the Mint,
 Nor all that is in't
 Can consecrate such a damn'd Name.

One Baronet more
 Must not be pass'd o'er,
 Whose Merit so great, that his Praise
 (Cou'd a Poet be found,
 For Invention renown'd)
 Shou'd be sung in *Homeric* Layes.

For

For Manners polite
 This *Hibernian* Wight
 Has ta'en many a Tour from Home :
 A Man of his Letters
 May calumniate his Betters ;
 'Tis the Fashion of *France*, *Spain*, and *Rome*.

In the Rear of this Herd,
 Some vile Fellows appear'd,
 All bedaub'd with political Mire ;
 An Attorney with Face
 Of *Corinthian* Brass,
 Whose Trade is to Cozen and Hire.

But whilst we disdain
 To put on the Chain,
Prostitution must bid us adieu ;
 We'll defy all their Wiles,
 Their Threats and their Smiles,
 And be steady to *Bagshot* and *Crewe*.

*The Original SPEECH of Sir W—M ST—PE,
 On the first Reading of the Bill for appointing the
 Assizes at Buckingham, Feb. 19, 1748.*

Mr. Sp———r,

IF I did not think I could prove, that this Bill is the
 errantest *Job* that ever was brought to P—rl—t, I
 would not give the House the Trouble of hearing me.
 But why do I talk of Proofs ; when there is a known
 Course of Law for appointing Assizes all over *England* ?
 If one particular Town applies to P—rl——t to desire
 the Monopoly of the Assizes in their County, is there
 any Courtier who has so little of the Country-gentle-
 man

man in him, as to want to be told that such a Monopoly, exclusive of the other Towns of the County, is a Job ? or will Courtiers be fond of such a Bill only because it is a Job and a Monopoly ? But, Sir, this Exclusion is actually going to be inflicted on the County of *Buckingham* ; and here let me condole with that unhappy, rather that blinded County, who neglected to choose *two Gentlemen* of such Power and Interest, that I am persuaded they will have more Votes in this House to-day, than they would have had at the general Election in the whole County in question, if they had done it the Honour to offer themselves for Representatives. It is the Power and Interest of those *Gentlemen* that I am afraid of, not of their Arguments ; and they will have Occasion for both the former, to balance the Weakness and Ridiculousness of the latter. And to shew you, Sir, how sensible they are of the Frivolousness of the latter, I could recapitulate such Instances of intriguing for Votes, as no Man would believe, who does not know those Gentlemen. Conscious of the badness of their Cause, they have employed every bad Art to support it, and have retained so much of their former Patriotism, as consisted in blackening their Adversaries, and acquiring Auxiliaries. They have propagated such Tales, that Men have overlooked the Improbabilities, while they wondered at the Foolishness of them ; and they have solicited the Attendance of their Friends, and of their Friend's Friends, with as much Importunity as if their Power itself was tottering, not the wanton Exercise of it opposed. The only Aid they have failed to call in, was Reason, the natural but baffled Enemy of their *Family*. A Family, Sir, possessed of every Honour they formerly decried, fallen from every Honour they formerly acquired. A Family, Sir, who coloured over Ambition with Patriotism, disguised Emptiness by

by Noise, and disgraced every Virtue by wearing them only for mercenary Purposes. A Family, Sir, who from being the most clamorous Incendiaries against Power and Places, are possessed of more Employments than the most comprehensive Place-Bill that ever was brought into P—rl——t would include ; and who to every Indignity offered to their R—l M—r have added that greatest of all, Intrusion of themselves into his Presence and Councils ; and who shew him what he has still farther to expect, by their scandalous Ingratitude to his Son. A Family, Sir, raised from Obscurity by the Petulance of the Times, drawn up higher by the Insolence of their b—g Kinsman, and supported by the Timidity of two M——rs, who, to secure their own Persons from Abuse, have sacrific'd their own Party to this all-grasping Family, the elder ones of which riot in the Spoils of their T——y and P——s, and the younger——

(Here being called to order, he proceeded as follows) Sir, I am sorry to have offended the Gentlemen, when I thought the greatest Compliment I could pay them, as no Man can imitate them without giving up his Understanding or his Character, was to follow their Example. They introduced and cultivated the Use of personal Invectives, and they must be very tender, very sore indeed, Sir, when they would abolish the Practice. But as they have corrected me for imitating them, I shall now do quite the Contrary from what I ever saw them do, and oppose this Bill from Reason and Argument ; and of all the Bills I ever saw, the Opposition to this has the least Occasion to combine personal Odium with it to discredit it.

We were told, Sir, that Applications for similar Bills have been often made, and the Suit granted, but the Bill afterwards rejected : that sometimes Bills of the same Nature have even passed this House, and not met

met with their Fate till at a subsequent Tribunal. These were Reasons I own for permitting the Introduction of the Bill as far as Precedent should reasonably operate ; but on summing up the Accounts even of Precedent, I apprehend they will bear Evidence against passing the Act : For thus it stands ; parallel Bills have been brought in ; have sometimes scrambled through here, but have extorted the united Assent of the Legislature—how often ? twice, Sir, say the ingenious Advocates for the Bill. Of that twice, once was as long ago as the Reign of *Harry* the IVth, and the other was so far from being a Case in Point, that it is directly contradictory. So far was the Parliament from pinning down the Assizes to one Town in *Cornwall*, that it left two Towns open for them to appoint the Assizes at either. Consequently there being but these two Cases pretended, where such a Bill has pass'd, the more Precedents there are for such a Bill being brought in, the more Precedents there are for throwing it out.

Another Reason for appointing the Assizes at *Buckingham* is its being the County-town ; a Reason only fit to captivate the Imagination of an Antiquarian ; if a County-town was always the most conveniently situated for the Concerns of the whole County, or always the best accommodated with every thing necessary for holding the Assizes, it might carry a Plausibility of Argument ; but *Buckingham* having been proved by the united Voice of the Gentlemen of the County to be destitute of these Advantages, and *Aylesbury* appearing to be characterized by them, the Arguments summ'd up in the magic Term County-town, seem to have no more Weight than two Words without a definite Meaning can give them ; which can be none here, as I am sure we are not in this Case, what we are sometimes denied to be, a Court of Judicature, for Jargon is not our Language. But the Gentlemen seemed sen-

sible that no Stress would be laid upon Words of no Meaning, and therefore soon dropp'd this Topic, to flourish on others of equal Importance, and equally elucidated. They harangued out of the Petition, which having been coined in their own Mint, could lend no more Weight than it had received from them. For, Sir, what were the fundamental Arguments that produced the Petition, and that are to support the Bill? Why the great Concern the Town of *Buckingham* is under for losing the Assizes, and a Design of preventing these two dangerous Rivals from being played against one another. These were the Parents of the Bill. A constant, settled, uninterrupted Course of holding the Assizes there for a prodigious Length of Time, for no less than four and twenty Years, nay, and even before the Date of that very distant Period, some respectable obsolete Instances of their having been held there too; this great Prescription is to support the Bill; and if it were possible to want any additional Strength, besides these notable Arguments, and the whole Force of the M——ty, and the Drawcanfirm of their well-worded Champion, the House has had a formal Assurance that there will be a better Goal built at *Buckingham* than there is at present at *Aylesbury*, where with all the undenied Advantages of Situation and Convenience, with a Goal and Town-Hall already built, it is said there is less Attendance at the Assizes than at *Buckingham*.

To these Arguments, momentous as they are represented, no Answer need be given but what they carry along with them; foolish Reasons confute themselves. I can grieve, Sir, that the good Town of *Buckingham* should be concern'd; I can tremble at the Apprehension of two such potent States as *Aylesbury* and *Buckingham* entering into Competition for Power; I can contract such a Respect for venerable Custom,

Custom, as to think four and twenty Years such a Duration of Empire, that the Scepter cannot be ravish'd from *Buckingham* without a Violation of all Antiquity ; and I can think that a future Goal more accommodated for Reception, is an Object that ought to strike the present *P—rl—t* ; for as to the greater or less Attendance, I apprehend it depends on the different Seasons of holding the Assizes ; because though we have been assured, that some Gentlemen must go fifty Miles to *Buckingham*, whereas the greatest Distance from *Aylesbury*, is not half the Number ; yet I believe many would go fifty Miles in Summer, sooner than twenty-five in Winter. By retaining the Assizes at *Aylesbury*, no-body will go above twenty-five at any time. But, Sir, I shall not dwell on these Arguments, because I shall hardly convince any man who can shut his Eyes against the Conviction of the Map, nor in the Map itself will *Aylesbury* appear the best situated, to any Man who looks there only for *Stowe*. For *Aylesbury* I am sure I have no particular Partiality ; I never got a Vote there, that I did not pay for.

But, Sir, though I can accompany the Petitioners in all their Grievs and Fears and Promises, yet I cannot get over one Objection, which strikes me, as the very serious Point on which this whole Debate ought to turn. And that, Sir, is the great and unprovoked Injury which this Bill will offer to the whole Bench of Judges, whose Privileges will be violated, and even the Prerogative of the Crown infringed through their Sides. But though we know by Experience, how roughly *these Gentlemen* handle the Crown, whenever it suits their own Views, yet I should hope the *P—rl—t* would not lend their Sanction to this Insult on the Judges. When the Legislature has been so provident, as to establish their Charges for Life, that they may execute their great and weighty Duties unsubjected to

any Menaces of Power, or Appetites of Interest, I should hope no Man would consent to lop a Power, merited by Age, Experience and Abilities, entrusted by the whole Constitution, and a check on all other Power, as theirs alone exists by, and is inseparable from the Execution of the Laws. Were there as many Cousins as there are Judges, and all chosen for *Buckingham*, I should hope the venerable Dignity of those Sages would save them from being sacrificed to the Clamours and Brigues of so importunate a Race. If the Bill passës, the Judges will no longer have the free Option, which they have in other Counties, of appointing the Assizes; and surely there is no Cause why these worthy Persons should lose a Privilege, which it is not pretended they have abused, only to favour the Petitioners in acquiring a new Privilege, much less supported by any Argument, than any old privilege that I ever heard of. For, Sir, I repeat it again, there is not the Shadow of an Argument offered to support this Request. No Hardship is inflicted on *Buckingham* in taking away the Assizes, the original Hardship was to *Aylesbury*, from whence they were removed by a former Judge, to cultivate a Family-Interest in the present petitioning Town, which *these Gentlemen* having undermined by *their superior Merit*, it surely may be allowed to another Judge to remove the Assizes back to their former Situation; and if four and twenty Years are such a prodigious long Term, why then *Buckingham* has enjoy'd a Privilege wrested from *Aylesbury*, for a prodigious long Season. But the real Hardship is on the Judges, who are to suffer for the Competition between these two Towns. I cannot look on it, Sir, as personal to the great and learned Man, who made the last Removal; it is only incidental to him when he goes that Circuit, but all his Brethren and Successors are complicated with him for no Fault of theirs. It was said, that no Cen-
sure

sure was laid on that great Person for this Removal ; I am amazed the Gentlemen should be so cautious, it is not the first Time they have censured a Chief Justice for doing what he has a legal Right to do, nor is this the first Attack made on the learned Profession by a *certain Family* ; but though they can influence Court-Martials to execute their Piques and Prejudices, I hope the P—rl—t will have more Sense and Resolution, than to be the Tools of so hot-headed a Faction, and when their Drudgery *nemini obtrudi potest*, I hope if they are at last forced to resort to us, we shall have Spirit enough to preserve our own Dignity, and to refuse to be the Agents of their Jobs, and the Instruments of their Malice, and as all Parties have already been, the Dupes of their self-interested Politicks.

A SPEECH *without Doors, in Answer to a supposed Speech within ; on the Merits of the Great Cause of Aylesbury versus Buckingham.*

Hear both Sides.

An old Maxim in Law.

S I R,

IT is a common, but a just Observation, that tho' *wise* Men are sometimes obliged to make, yet it is only those who are *otherwise*, that take a Pleasure in printing and publishing long Speeches.—— Speeches, that perhaps were never spoke at least in an Assembly, where Indecencies like those contained in the Paper before me, would undoubtedly have drawn the Resentment of every Man of Honour, who considered the dangerous Consequence of divulging such scurrilous Invectives amongst the licentious Populace.—But what the P——t *would not* hear, it seems the People *must*, and what you were there stopped from uttering, by being called to *Order*, must now be trumpeted abroad,

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as if it had been really pronounced, that the *Aylesbury* Faction may admire your *Eloquence*, and the cheated *Crowd* may applaud your *Courage* for naturalizing the Language of *Billingsgate* in St. S—*pb*—'s Chapel, and degrading the H— of C—s, some twenty Degrees below those polite Persons, who usually, about the same Hour of the Day that your Oration is supposed to be spoken, assemble at *Rag-Fair*.

But, Sir, if you took this Method with a View of receiving *no Answer*, you shall be quickly made sensible of your Mistake. We have smarted sufficiently by the Mischiefs that have attended these sort of *Mob Declamations*, and therefore it is fit that an *Antidote* should be exhibited as soon as *Poisons* of this Sort are thrown abroad. ——— I shall confine myself intirely, Sir, to what I find in your admirable Oration, and shall refute whatever wears the least Colour of *Argument*, adding now and then a Remark upon your ill Language, without following your *Example*; because I think it base to abuse a *Gentleman*, or to supply the Want of *Reason* with *Ribaldry*, which is the great Merit of your Performance. — A Performance, Sir, as much below your *Parts*, as it is inconsistent with your *Education*; a Performance to which you stooped, that you might be upon a *Level* with your *Party*; a Performance only comparable to another Piece of dry, obscure, unintelligible *Irony*, that has been cried up for *Wit* by those, who if they had had any, must have known it to have been as full of *false Humour* as yours is of *false Argument*.

But to come to the Point. ———

You set out, Sir, with foul Language and false Facts, at a Time, you say, that the Bill you oppose is the errantest *Job* that ever was brought into P——t; you say, that you can *prove* it, but immediately after you dispense with that, and say very cavalierly, that it needs

no Proof—very arch and conclusive truly ! But, Sir, I take it to be *no Job*, and I will prove it to be none.—For, Sir, those to whom you attribute this *Job*, did no more than their Duty, as *Members* for the *Corporation* they represent, which conceiving itself aggrieved, had Recourse to P——t for Relief, and to them for their Assistance. — This, Sir, was a rational, a legal, and a proper Method ; and to call this a *Job*, or to upbraid the Gentlemen who promoted it, for what they were bound to do in the Discharge of their Trust, was affronting them, insulting the H—, and offering a *high Indignity* to the C——s of *Britain*, whose indubitable Right it is to petition against whatever they take to be a Grievance. You proceed next to a *false Fact* ; you say, that this Corporation applies for the *Monopoly* of the *Affizes* in their County.—The very Reverse of this is true ; instead of applying *for*, they apply *against* a *Monopoly*, for which you are an Advocate. — They desire the *Affizes* may be held *sometimes* at *Buckingham* ; the Point you espouse is, that they should be *always* held at *Aylesbury*.—Which, dear Sir, looks most like a *Monopoly* ?

After so happy a Beginning, you fall into a violent *Torrent* of *Abuse* upon a whole *Family*, founded on no Reason in the World, but because that Family is distinguished by the just *Rewards* of their *Services* to their King and Country, and in the Heat of your Resentment, you throw out Things that are as unpardonably seditious, as they are palpably absurd. You take it for granted, that Men *force* themselves into a *Presence*, and into *Councils*, to which they have the Honour to be called, and into which our *Constitution* renders it impossible for any to *intrude*. In the same Breath, you make entering into a FATHER's Service, an Act of Ingratitude to a SON ; and without so much as pretending to assign either Facts or Reasons,

you bestow the most *low* and *infamous* Epithets upon Characters that all other Men mention with *Esteem*. In a Word, you forgot yourself to such a Degree, that you paint out Men of Birth and Fortune, and in high Stations, as if they were the most abandon'd and profligate Creatures in the Universe ; without *Parts*, without *Morals*, without *Shame*, and who, if your Description had in it the least *Tittle* of *Truth*, instead of being M——s of P——t, or admitted to the P——y C——l, were fit only to be Members of a *Society*, once famous by the Name of the *Hell-fire Club*.

It would be in vain to follow you Step by Step, through that *Maze* of *Scurrility*, in which you delight to wander, and therefore I will keep to the Point in Question, and to what you would have pass'd upon the World for *Arguments*. You are pleas'd to say, that the *Precedents* that have been brought in support of this Bill, are *few* in Number, and that they have not been always successful. Why, that may be, and yet it does not at all answer the *Purpose* for which you bring it.—A single Bill of this Kind applied for and brought in, is a Precedent sufficient ; that is sufficient for the Purpose, as to which Precedents had been mentioned ; as to the Usage of P——t, in hearing and determining Points of this Nature ; for as to *what* they will upon the hearing determine, is another Point, and what must depend upon the *Merits* of this particular Cause. — But if ever the H—— of C——s received and examined, and afterwards *decided* upon a Case of this Nature, whether in *Favour* of those that brought in the Bill or *not*, it was a very good Argument for bringing this Point to be examined the same way ; nor was there the least Probability that your little Sophism, of the *more* Precedents of *bringing in* so many *more* Precedents there were of *throwing out* such Bills, should prevail,

prevail. The Words gingle prettily enough, and no doubt but the *Wittlings* of a Party may think this Manner of speaking *very fine*; but Men of Sense and Judgment will always distinguish between a *trite* Expression and a *sound* Reason.—A Bill of the *same Kind* brought in heretofore, is a good Precedent for bringing in one *now*; and *throwing out* that Bill afterwards is no Precedent at all, unless the *same Reasons* appear in this Case, that there did in *that*.—Now shew you but *these* Reasons, and no doubt the Bill will be thrown out. But in the mean time, what you have advanced is no Argument against *bringing it in*.

In the same arch Manner, you are for getting rid of the Argument drawn from its being a *County Town*.—That, you say, was to catch the *Antiquaries*; and pray, Sir, what was the Meaning of *your known Course of Law for appointing* Assizes *all over England*? Was not that thrown out to catch the *Lawyers*? But if you dispute its being the County Town, give me Leave to tell you, that there is *Act of Parliament* in the Reign of *Henry VII.* by which it is enacted, *That the Standard of Weights and Measures shall be kept here*; and till that time you will give me Leave to say, that it was without Dispute the *County Town*, and that most of the *County Business* was done there.—Upon this fair State of the Case, it will appear that *Buckingham's* being the County Town is no *Magic Term*, no Appellation grounded merely upon its giving Name to the County, but arising from an indisputable Matter of Fact, which therefore deserves to be well weighed and considered, notwithstanding your quaint way of turning it into ridicule, more especially in a Place where, as you rightly say—*Jargon* is not their *Language*.

In the next Place, you are extremely witty on the *prodigious Length* of Time, no less, say you, than *four and twenty Years*, that *Buckingham* has been in Posses-

sion of the Assizes; in which, give me Leave to say, that there is somewhat of Prevarication, tho' I must be so just to own, that you very possibly might not *intend* it.—For this prodigious Length of Time, with which you are so merry, does not really refer to the Possession of the Assizes, but to their being *restored* to *Buckingham*; and surely, if they had been deprived of them even for a *prodigious Length of Time* (to use that Term in its *proper* Sense) this, according to your own Manner of arguing, ought to be no Reason against *restoring* them, much less ought it to be urged as a just Cause for depriving them a *second* Time of what they had been, without any manifest Inconvenience, restored to in *Part*, that is, for the *Summer* Assizes only, for that is all that is contended for, and this for the Space of *four and twenty* Years.—Be so kind for once, Sir, as to let the Thing appear in its true Light: *Buckingham* was the *old* County Town where the Assizes were generally held; but by some Means or other, they were *taken away*, and by this Means this good old Borough *sunk* very much in its Credit. But after they had been long taken away altogether, and bestowed as a Favour on another Place, *Buckingham* had the good Fortune to recover the *Summer* Assizes, and found the Benefit of it. But by another *unlucky Accident*, they are deprived of their Turn of having the Assizes held there, without any Cause assign'd for inflicting this *Punishment*—and for this they ask *Relief*, which you and the Friends of *Aylesbury* say is *ridiculous*.—Other Folks think it *reasonable*, shall not the P——t be allowed to judge whether it is *reasonable* or *ridiculous*? Surely, Sir, all the Wit, and Spleen, and Prejudice, and Solicitation in the World, ought not to prevail in such a Case as *this*, to deny People a Hearing.

The chief Argument upon which you seem to rely, and indeed it is the Argument upon which your Friends

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chuse to rest this Point, is the *Privileges* of the J-dg-s. If the Bill passes, say you, the J-dg-s will no longer have the free Option which they have in other Counties, of appointing the Assizes, and there is no Cause why they should lose a Privilege, which it is not pretended they have abused.—Immediately after, you are pleased to say, that no Hardship is inflicted on Buckingham, in taking away the Assizes, the original Hardship was to Aylesbury, from whence they were removed by a former Judge, to cultivate a Family-Interest in the present petitioning Town.—Now, Sir, all this to me is Mystery, Absurdity and Inconsistency; for I would be glad to know how you can reconcile the *not abusing* this Privilege to your *Affertion*, that the Assizes were removed (you should have said the Summer Assizes restored) to Buckingham, by a Judge, to cultivate a Family-Interest.—If there be any Truth in your *Insinuation*, what becomes of your *Argument*? Is cultivating a Family-Interest a sufficient Reason for transferring the Assizes from one Town to another? Surely not. If there be a Syllable of Truth in this *Insinuation*, a stronger Argument cannot be offered for preventing any Thing of the like Sort for the future. But, Sir, I beg Leave to say, you have advanced another Absurdity, as to the original Injury being offered to Aylesbury.—Pray when and how got they hither? was Aylesbury the old County Town? were they always held there, both Summer and Winter? If not, surely the original Injury was offered to the Place from whence the Assizes were transferred to Aylesbury.—By your Archness upon *Antiquaries*, I doubt you will not be able to answer this Question.—You will not thank me, perhaps, but I will answer it for you.—It happened once upon a Time, a prodigious long time ago, in the Reign, if I am rightly informed, of Henry VIII. that the Lord Chief Justice Baldwyn, who was a Native of

the Town of *Aylesbury*, and who had purchased the *Lordship* of that Place, had Interest enough to carry the *Affizes*, *Sessions*, and all *County Business* thither.—My Author says, that this was out of *Partiality*; but let that pass, whatever his Motive was, certain it is, *that he did it*; and if there be any Strength in your *Logic*, this was the *original* Injury, and therefore *the Injury* that ought to be *repaired*.—You will forgive me, Sir, for demolishing your *Argument*, when you consider how much I have strengthened your *Insinuation*.

One Stroke more, and the Piece is finished. You seem to be mightily alarmed at the Inconveniencies that would follow upon granting the *Prayer* of the *Petition*.—Had there been any such *Inconveniencies* ever experienced when the *Affizes* were at *Buckingham*, no doubt they would have been removed some other way than they were.—In a Case of this Nature, it is the Benefit of the County in general, it is a fair and equal Distribution of *public Favours*, that ought to be considered, and not *Family-Interests*, or the *Conveniencies* of *particular Persons*, however dignified or distinguished. This, Sir, if I understand the cooler Parts of your Speech clearly, is what you mean, and I protest I mean *the very same Thing*.—You have shewn in *one* strong Instance, that for the sake of cultivating a *Family-Interest*, this great Point was slighted; I have mentioned another Instance, where on the Score of a *Purchase*, it was also slighted. How do we know, Sir, that in the ancient or modern Times, *other* Instances of the same Kind may not have occurred, and therefore that they may *never occur more*; why should not this Point be fairly and fully discussed before those who are not like to be biased by any such Interests?—Here, Sir, lie the *true Merits* of the *Cause*, and by the *Merits* let it be determined. You are pleased indeed to be ludicrous, very ludicrous, in representing the Contest be-

twixt the two great States of Buckingham and Aylesbury; but surely the Concerns of *two* Corporations deserve to be treated a little more *seriously*; especially when they come to be examined before so *august* an *Assembly*. If in itself this be such a trifling and ridiculous Affair, why do you make such a Point of it, and if it is otherwise, why would you represent it in that Light?—Alas! the *Reason* is but *too plain*; if it is considered in any *other*, all you have been saying must go for nothing. All your Eloquence is lost, all your Jokes are spoiled, all your Wit is thrown away; for all these, Sir, are employ'd to procure a *Decision* without a *Hearing*.—Yet you are so kind, and indeed so just, as to declare, that you are *impartial*. You are acquainted with the *County* some other way than by the *Map*, tho' it may be the Case of some of your *warmest Friends*, to be no otherways acquainted with it; and it seems, you are acquainted likewise with *Aylesbury*, very *well* acquainted with it, by the Character you bestow upon it.—*I never got a Vote there that I did not pay for*.—You are a *Man of Honour*, Sir, and no-body will doubt the *Truth* of what you say; perhaps this Method of procuring Votes may not be altogether *out of Fashion*, but it is to be hoped for the future, that *private Interests* will be supported by *private Purses*; for I dare say, Sir, even you will not think it reasonable to exchange that *Method* for *publick Privileges*.

The

*The SPEECH of Richard White-Liver, Esq; in
Behalf of himself and his Brethren. Spoken to the
most AUGUST MOB at Rag Fair.*

Hear *Us*, for *We* have been on both Sides.

A new Maxim of our Family.

Friends, Countrymen, Fellow-Labourers,

YOU must not expect that I should make you a very sensible Speech; for though *wise* Men sometimes give Speeches, yet we that are *otherwise* cannot always get them. Nor though I have the highest Reverence for this Assembly, must you expect that I should do more here than I do in S. St—s C—l. A certain M—r has been content to inlist us, because we have a Friend that speaks well; and we hope, that after his Example, you will excuse whatever Nonsense I or my Brothers may talk, in Consideration that we have a Kinsman who is as fine-spoken a Gentleman as you would wish to hear. Oh! Neighbours, can you forget with what charming Language he used to tickle your Ears! how he railed against M—s and Pl—n, and how he used to shew you the Duty of R—n, and how some Folks deserved to be deposed for preferring H—r to O— E—d? And don't you remember how we used to whisper you whom he meant by *some Folks*? This was publick Spirit, this was Patriotism! Nor did we deceive you; for there was not an Indecency which we vented before you *at this Hour of the Day*, which we did not afterwards hawk again in the H— of C—s, not considering how much we must incur the Resentment of every Man of Honour, nor the dangerous Consequence of divulging such scurrilous Invectives amongst licentious Populace; for such,
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my dear Friends, I must fairly own to you we think you ; and if you had not been such, we could never have made the Use of you that we have : If you had not been *twenty Degrees* below reasonable Creatures, would you have been Tools to a Faction who are *twenty Degrees* below the most profligate Incendiaries that ever existed ? Or if you were not *twenty Degrees* below Brutes, would you submit to Men, who have imposed upon you, duped you, betray'd you, and who now tyrannize and intend to tyrannize still more over you ?

But as M—s have *smarted sufficiently by the Mischiefs that have attended these Mob Declarations*, and as our Turn is served by them, I shall tell you fairly and honestly, contrary to our Custom, that we are determined not to suffer ourselves by our own Weapons. We have a M—r at our Devotion, who though he frets, and fumes, and winces, and shews all the World how he is galled by being rid, and how little he dares attempt to throw his Riders, yet he must go on with our dirty Work. If we are abused and told of all our Villainies in the Senate, why our Orator shall abuse again ; or if that won't do, he shall clap his Hand on his Sword and hector. If we are abused in Print, we will take away the Liberty of the Press ; and if there is any other Law or Liberty, any Sage of the Law or Champion of Liberty that rises in their Defence, why we will make the whole Legislature interpose, and execute our Revenge and persecute our Enemies ; for I must tell you, my dear Friends, what you nor any Man living will believe, *that all Men mention us with Esteem*, which is as true as any of the Professions which we made when we were Patriots, or as our late Assertion that we are *distinguished by the just Rewards of our Services to our King and Country*. What we did deserve, the poor Wretches, whom our Example beguiled till they

they met with the just Rewards of *their Services at Kennington-Common*, can witness; what we are distinguished by, the rest of our Countrymen can testify: and what Truth there is, of *our Constitution's making it impossible for any Man to intrude into the Royal Presence and Councils*, let the World judge from the Truth of our other Assertion that we were ever called into either.

But, my good Friends, we are taxed with Ingratitude to the Son, as well as Insolence to the Father. I do assure you one is no truer than the other. The Ingratitude is on his Side, who would not co-operate with us in dethroning his Father. Indeed when we saw that, and that he was not in the same Haste to make us M——rs, as we were to make him K——, or as we were to be M——rs, why, it is true, we left him, and as he would not accept the Dignity when we offered it him, we are resolved to prevent his ever having it at all. And therefore whatever Indignities we put upon him, or whatever Lies we tell of him, are to be imputed not to Ingratitude, but to Self-preservation, the primary Law of Nature and favorite Rule of our Family, *whom all Men mention with Esteem.*

Would you know for what all Men esteem us—Why for the whole Tenour of our Conduct: For our Virulence in Opposition, for our Insolence in Power; for the Courage with which we plunged into Treason during the former, and for the Intrepidity with which we left it, and for the astonishing Assurance with which we tax every body of Crimes of which we ourselves were only guilty: For our Art in maintaining the same Rank in Government, which we held in Sedition, and for our Steadiness of Character in being the same noisy, intriguing, buzzing, senseless Demagogues, in a Court Party, that we were in a Faction: For our good Fortune in meeting with another Party, who will list with us, after

ter our notorious Treachery to our old Friends, and for our Dexterity in ruling those to whom we acceded, not who came over to us.

— You will perhaps be told, that I sent a most illegal, unwarrantable and threatening Message to *Aylesbury*, but upon my Honour it is not true. They will tell you, that an hundred and fifty creditable substantial Freeholders are ready to attest it — *but am I to be put in Competition with a Parcel of Aylesbury-Fellows?* If any Part of my Life has ever been guilty of Falshood, don't believe me now, but rather believe an hundred and fifty poor rascally honest Men, who never betray'd their Party and Friends, and who have not Spirit enough to deny a Truth with oratorical Assurance. They say, I threaten'd if they sign'd the Petition, to take away the Winter Assizes, and Quarter-Sessions too, and appoint them where I pleased. Is it probable I would have *threaten'd* that, when I have such a Mule of a M——r at my Disposition, who will bear any Load we lay upon him? Should I not rather have done it than threaten'd it? And if I had a Mind, why could not I oblige the P——t to take away the Winter, as well as the Summer Assizes? The one would not have been a more insolent Act of *arbitrary Power* than the other, nor more repugnant to all Law and Justice, and Custom.

And now, my good Friends, for as such, however they may tax me with Ingratitude, I shall always own *you*, and confess that I owe the Preferments of my Family to you; it only remains, that I recommend our common Friend, the M——r, to your Notice. Our Friend the Orator has sufficiently celebrated, this Winter, the many great and shining Qualities of the elder Brother, whom he has bedaubed as much with his coarse Praise, as he used to do other M——s with his Invec-

tives. Let it be my Part to bring you acquainted with the younger, who, I assure you, is as ready and well disposed to violate any of the Laws, as you yourselves can be in your most riotous Hours. He hates a J—e as much as you can do ; and is so favourably disposed to the brave and outlaw'd Part of the Community, that he has argued most warmly for passing this Bill, by which you will every Summer have an Opportunity of rescuing your Friends, as they are transported from A——y to B——m. So great is the Sympathy of his Sentiments with yours, that he is the most avow'd Friend to Bribery in Elections, and has so great an Aversion to old formal Rules and Orders of P——t, that he not only infring'd them in his own Person, and in Company with his Brother in his own Country this Summer, but procured a Majority to justify his arbitrary Proceedings ; and I leave you to judge what a fair Prospect you have of Anarchy and Confusion, when the Orders of the H—e are set at nought, when the Privileges of the J—s are taken away, and the Countenance of the L—n—e withdrawn from them.

It was to acquaint you with these important Points that, my good Friends, I called you together this Day. We have formerly set you the Example of insulting M——y, of propagating T—n, of defaming M—s ; we now shew you the Way to insult J—s, to abolish Customs, to punish Enemies.

Go ye and do likewise.

*The SPEECH of DICK GREEN in the Lower
House of the Gentlemen of the Cloth.*

Come *Thomas* and *Peggy*, come *Robin* and *Phyllis*,
Come all ye Thirteen,
And pray for DICK GREEN,
And sing the Renown-a
Of *Buckingham Town-a* ;
So faith my good worthy old Friend Master WILLIS.

Delivered March the 21st, 1747.

* SIR,

IT gives me great Concern to find, that this Bill is not like to go through our Assembly with as little Difficulty, as it passed the other. I do not say this, because I would not have the Matter freely debated. For, as we have hitherto observed the greatest Impartiality in all our Proceedings ; and as all our Actions are governed *here* by Justice and Equity, without any Regard to what hath been transacted in *another Place*, I would therefore have this Bill perfectly well understood before it passes into a Law. 'Tis on that Account I now rise up quite unprovoked (for no wise Man ought to speak in a Passion) to give my Reasons for my Assent to it ; not such flimsy cobweb Reasons, as have been offered by the Gentlemen over the Way ; which, to confess the Truth, were not at all worth a single Pot of good Porter ; but such solid and substantial Arguments, as I am convinced must necessarily have their due Weight with every Member of this Assembly. But before I come to my Point, I will endeavour to remove

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the

* The Footmen, who attend their Masters during the Session of P—nt, chuse a S—r for themselves, and hold a Mock P—t.

the general Prejudices, which have been entertained against the Bill, especially by those Gentlemen among us, who have heard the Matter canvassed in *Leicester-Fields*, or who are obliged to give their daily Attendance at the Tables of *Tories* and *Patriots*. All the Arguments made use of in those Places, as well as in the other Assembly, may be reduced to these Two, The inconvenient Situation of *Buckingham*; and, The Privilege which by this Means will be taken from the Judges. As to the First, the more inconvenient the Situation is, the worse the Roads are, and the further *Buckingham* may be from any Man's Habitation, whose Business shall call him to the Assizes, the better it must needs be for that Person. Change of Air, and Exercise, is universally allowed to be the best Preservative of Health. And if a Man be obliged to ride five Days in the Week, instead of two, and to lie abroad in two Places instead of one, will he not be proportionably benefited by it? If his Expences are a little encreased by this Means (which is a trifling Objection, and can only affect some poor Farmers, who may be subpoena'd as Witnesses, or summoned upon a Jury) had he not better bestow his Money in good Eating and Drinking, than give it to a Physician or an Apothecary? Then again, suppose the Man leaves at home a Wife, who is a Shrew, as it is ten to one if he does not, he gets three Days of Ease and Happiness extraordinary. And this one Consideration would, I am sure, induce many honest 'Squires, to whom I have the Honour to be known, to give their Assent to the Bill. But, Sir, I have still a more forcible Answer to make to all the Objections, which have been urged concerning the ill Situation of our County Town. The great Mr. —, one of our Burgeffes, and whose Father was a Burgeffs before him, a most excellent Casuist, and a most profound

found Scholar, hath lately discovered in an old Law Book, which was published many hundred Years ago, that *Buckingham* is as conveniently situated as *Aylesbury*; or, that whatever you have at *Aylesbury*, you may find at *Buckingham*; or, in other Words, that whether the Affizes be held at *Aylesbury*, or at *Buckingham*, 'tis the very same Thing. 'Tis well known, that in ancient Times the Laws were all written in *Latin*, and the Words of the Law I speak of are, *Quod petis hic est; est Ulubris*; which hath been interpreted as above by my learned Friend, and which of itself is sufficient to confound all the Cavils of your W—LLES and P—TTERS, &c. But 3dly, Sir, I affirm upon very good Grounds, that two or three Summers hence, *Buckingham* will be better situated than any corporate Town in *England*, or perhaps than any City in *Europe*. For our noble V—T makes such a quick Progress, that it will not be long ere he takes it into his Gardens. What a grand Figure will it make then? or who will not rejoice to go the Affizes, when they are held at a Place, where he may have an Opportunity of seeing so many fine Sights for *nothing*; Groves and Walks, and Boats and Bridges, and Canals and Pillars, and Temples and Heroes, and Aldermen and Kings, and Queens, and Gods and Goddeses of all Sorts, and of all Nations? If this Advantage were duly considered, my Master and the Brotherhood, instead of being insulted in such an outrageous Manner, would have the Thanks of the whole County for their Generosity and Condescension.

It has been often said, and strongly insisted on by some Members, to prove the inconvenient Situation of *Buckingham* for the Purposes in the Bill mentioned, that there is no Goal in that Town. But this is so far from being an Objection, that in my Opinion it is the strongest Argument we can produce in Favour of the Bill. 'Tis well

well known, that the Goal-Sickness is always infectious, and generally mortal ; and we have not only Instances in our History to prove, that half the People attending at an Assize, together with the Judges themselves, have been carried off by this Distemper ; but the same Thing hath happened in our Memory, witness the unfortunate End of the Lord Chief Baron *Pengelly*, a few Years since at *Exeter*. Now, Sir, if the Prisoners are obliged to travel a Day's Journey, before they are try'd, as in the present Case, they will be so purified by the sweet Air on the Road, that there will be no Danger of their bringing any Infection with them into Court. And this is a sufficient Reason, why a Goal ought not to be ever built in *Buckingham*, and yet, why the Assizes ought to be held in that Town in Winter, as well as Summer.

The Objection drawn from the Map, which has been enforced with so much Vehemence to demonstrate the inconvenient Situation of our County Town, I had almost forgot, because 'tis so very absurd. For can any Thing be more erroneous, than a Map ? Don't your Map-makers often put Lions, and Bears, and Hottentots, where there ought to be great Cities, and Kings Palaces, and Assemblies of fine Gentlemen and Ladies ? Don't they often make a Sea, where there should be dry Land ; and Land, where there should be a Sea ? For this Reason some of our great Men have never been able to understand the Geography of their own Country, even when the Map hath been perfectly well coloured, and all the Counties properly distinguished.

The 2d Objection, that the fixing the Summer Assizes at *Buckingham* takes away a Privilege from the Judges, I do not deny, and therefore I propose, that a suitable Compensation should be made them for this Loss, by adding 500*l.* a Year to their respective Salaries ;

ries ; which in our present flourishing Condition, and when we have such a Plenty of Money, is a mere Trifle. This, I make no Doubt, would sufficiently content them. At least, I can answer for a certain good Friend of mine, that if you will make him a Judge, he shall agree to hold the Assizes in *Lucifer's-Hall* for half that Sum.

Having thus, Sir, fully answered all the material Objections, which have been offered against the Bill, I come now to shew the great Benefit and Advantage, which will accrue to our Order, and the whole Footmanry of the County of *Bucks*, if it should pass into a Law. And this I shall do by Nineteen Arguments, every one of which is irrefragable. And first it will be granted by all Gentlemen of the Cloth, both without Doors and within, that we never live more to our Satisfaction, or are so much respected, as when we accompany our Masters on a Journey. In every Inn the Landlord and Landlady are our Companions ; and all the Servants, from the Chamber-Maid down to the Ostler, very diligently and exactly obey all our Commands. We are allowed Board-Wages and Drink-Money, which is all clear Gains. For we have no Occasion to spend a Shilling, and we live high, and generally much better than our Masters. Who can therefore be against the Bill, (which is intended to keep us abroad three or four Days beyond our usual Time) who is not either a Fool, or a Tool to a Faction? ——— *Here he was called to Order, and obliged to sit down.*

I S I S. An E L E G Y.

Written in the Year 1748, by Mr. MASON.

Ω ΔΥΤΗΝΟC

ΤΙ ΠΟΤ ΟΥ ΔΗ ΠΟΤ

CΕΓ ΑΠΙCΤΟΥCΑΝ ΤΟΙC ΒΑCΙΛΕΙΟΙ

CΙΝ ΑΓΟΥCΙΝ ΝΟΜΟΙC

ΚΑΙ ΕΝ ΑΦΡΟΥΝΗ ΚΑΘΕΛΟΝΤΕC.

SOPHOCLES in Antig.

FAR from her hallow'd Grot, where mildly bright
 The pointed Crystals shot their trembling Light,
 From dripping Moss where sparkling Dew-drops fell,
 Where Coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed Shell,
 Pale *Isis* lay; a Willow's lowly Shade
 Spread its thin Foliage o'er the pensive Maid;
 Clos'd was her Eye, and from her heaving Breast
 In careless Folds loose flow'd her zoneless Vest;
 While down her Neck her vagrant Tresses flow
 In all the awful Negligence of Woe;
 Her Urn sustain'd her Arm, that sculptur'd Vase
 Where *Vulcan*'s Art had lavish'd all its Grace;
 Here, full with Life was Heav'n-taught Science seen,
 Known by the laurel Wreath and musing Mein:
 There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and bland,
 Swell'd the loud Trump, and wav'd the Olive Wand;
 While solemn Domes, arch'd Shades, and Vista's green
 At well-mark'd Distance close the sacred Scene.

On this the Goddess cast an anxious Look,
 Then dropt a tender Tear, and thus she spoke:
 Yes, I cou'd once with pleas'd Attention trace
 The mimic Charms of this prophetic Vase;
 Then lift my Head, and with enraptur'd Eyes
 View on yon Plain the real Glories rise.

Yes,

Yes, *Iffs* ! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
 Thy liquid Treasures o'er yon fav'rite Mead,
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly Car to gaze,
 While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing Bays ;
 While ev'ry Youth with Fame's strong Impulse fir'd,
 Prest to the Goal, and at the Goal untir'd,
 Snatch'd each celestial Wreath to bind his Brow
 The Muses, Graces, Virtues cou'd bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th'ideal Train,
 And ranks her Troops on Mem'ry's ample Plain ;
 See ! the firm Leaders of my patriot Line,
 See ! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS shine,
 See HOUGH superior to a Tyrant's Doom
 Smile at the Menace of the Slave of *Rome*.
 Each Soul whom Truth cou'd fire, or Virtue move,
 Each Breast strong panting with its Country's Love,
 All that to *Albion* gave the Heart or Head,
 That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
 All, all appear ; on me they grateful smile,
 The well-earn'd Prize of every virtuous Toil
 To me with filial Reverence they bring,
 And hang fresh Trophies o'er my honour'd Spring.

Ah ! I remember well yon beachen Spray,
 There ADDISON first tun'd his polish'd Lay ;
 'Twas there great *Cato's* Form first met his Eye,
 In all the Pomp of fire-born Majesty.
 " My Son, he cry'd, observe this Mein with Awe,
 " In solemn Lines the strong Resemblance draw ;
 " The piercing Notes shall strike each *British* Ear,
 " Each *British* Eye shall drop the Patriot Tear ;
 " And rous'd to Glory by the nervous Strain,
 " Each Youth shall spurn at Slav'ry's abject Reign,
 " Shall guard with *Cato's* Zeal *Britannia's* Laws,
 " And speak, and act, and bleed, in Freedom's Cause."

The Hero spoke, the Bard assenting bow'd,
 The Lay to Liberty and *Cato* flow'd ;

G

While

While Echo, as she rov'd the Vale along,
Join'd the strong Cadence of his *Roman* Song.

But ah ! how Stillness slept upon the Ground,
How mute Attention check'd each rising Sound ;
Scarce stole a Breeze to wave the leafy Spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet *Philomel* her softest Lay,
When *Locke* walk'd musing forth ; e'en now I view
Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his Brow,
View Candour smile upon his modest Cheek,
And from his Eye all Judgment's Radiance break.
'Twas here the Sage his manly Zeal exprest,
Here stript vain Falshood of her gaudy Vest ;
Here Truth's collected Beams first fill'd his Mind,
Ere long to burst in Blessings on Mankind ;
Ere long to shew to Reason's purged Eye,
That "NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY."

Proud of this wond'rous Son, sublime I stood,
(While louder Surges swell'd my rapid Flood)
Then vain as *Niobe*, exulting cry'd,
Ilissus ! roll thy fam'd *Athenian* Tide ;
Tho' *Plato*'s Steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring Glades,
Tho' fair *Lycaum* lent its awful Shade,
Tho' ev'ry *Academic* Green imprest
Its Image full on thy reflecting Breast,
Yet my pure Stream shall boast as proud a Name,
And *Britain*'s *Isis* flow with *Attic* Fame.

Alas ! how chang'd ! where now that *Attic* Boast ?
See ! *Gothic* Licence rage o'er all my Coast.
See ! Hydra Faction spread its impious Reign,
Poison each Breast, and madden ev'ry Brain.
Hence frontless Crouds, that not content to fright
The blushing *Cynthia* from her Throne of Night,
Blast the fair Face of Day ; and madly bold,
To Freedom's Foes infernal Orgies hold ;
To Freedom's Foes, ah ! see the Goblet crown'd,
Hear plausive Shouts to Freedom's Foes resound ;

The

The horrid Notes my refluent Waters daunt,
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their Haunt ;
 Learning that once to all diffus'd her Beam,
 Now sheds by Stealth a partial private Gleam,
 In some lone Cloister's melancholy Shade
 Where a firm few support her sickly Head ;
 Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous Train,
 Who scour like *Tbracia's* Moon-struck Rout the Plain,
 Sworn Foes like them to all the Muse approves,
 All *Phæbus* favours, or *Minerva* loves.

Are these the Sons my fost'ring Breast must rear ?
 Grac'd with my Name, and nurtur'd by my Care,
 Must these go forth from my maternal Hand
 To deal their Insults thro' a peaceful Land,
 And boast while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
 That "*Isis* taught Rebellion to her Sons ?"
 Forbid it Heav'n ! and let my rising Waves
 Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant Slaves,
 In *England's* Cause their Patriot Floods employ,
 As *Xanthus* delug'd in the Cause of *Troy*.

Is this deny'd ? then point some secret Way
 Where far from hence these guiltless Streams may stray ;
 Some unknown Channel lend where Nature spreads
 Inglorious Vales and unfrequented Meads,
 There where a Hind scarce tunes his rustic Strain,
 Where scarce a Pilgrim treads the pathless Plain
 Content I'll flow ; forget that e'er my Tide
 Saw yon majestic Structures crown its Side ;
 Forget that e'er my wrapt Attention hung
 Or on the Sage's or the Poet's Tongue,
 Calm and resign'd my humbler Lot embrace,
 And pleas'd prefer Oblivion to Disgrace.

A CHARACTER of Baron MOUNTNEY.

A Friend to all whom Virtue may commend,
 A Foe to none but who deserve no Friend ;
 Guardian of Law, yet true to Virtue's Trust,
 Mild without Weakness, without Rigour just.
 Where Truth inclines, his Sentence pours its Weight,
 And fixes Virtue firmer in her Seat :
 Where Error loads, he makes the Burden light ;
 But Guilt, tho' titled, startles at his Sight.

Great Man ! was ev'ry Ermin'd Sire like thee,
 Soon may the World as at the first be free.
 Vain wou'd be Laws, no Vices to restrain,
 And gen'ral Justice wou'd all Rights maintain :
 Peace, Love, and Joy, and Freedom ever known
 Their dear Companion, wou'd be all our own :
 Each Rock a second Paradise wou'd dress,
 And God's sole Work wou'd always be to bless.

A REFLECTION.

WHat in this World deserves a Moment's Thought ?
 What's worth possessing after being sought ?
 Nothing but well-plac'd Love or Friendship can
 Make blest, or merit the Regard of Man.
 Increase of Wealth is but Increase of Pain,
 To lose in such a Traffick is to gain.
 What else mistaken Mortals Blessings call,
 When duly weigh'd, to as low Value fall ;
 Except those Antidotes to earthly Ill,
 Without whose Aid the Soul wou'd ne'er be still,
 But fretted, tost, like Seas by ev'ry Wind,
 Fly off and leave her heavy Load behind.
 Mix Love and Friendship in the Cup with Pain,
 Their soothing Pow'r will make its Fury vain.

What churlish Wretch wou'd brood alone o'er Joys,
 And think the Man who shares them but destroy?
 Wou'd you increase your Store, share with your Friend,
 You're paid with Int'rest for the Joys you lend.
 Not less the sacred Pow'r of soothing Love,
 Pain to assuage, and ev'ry Joy improve.
 Can I regard the Threats of loud Alarms,
 Surrounded by my *Celia's* shielding Arms?
 There, Heav'n, to prove thy Joys, oh! let me lie,
 And when my Glass is out content I'll die:
 Thy Pow'r, which gave me *Philon*, I adore,
 Now grant me *Celia*, and I ask no more.

*ADVICE to Mr. L—g—n, the Dwarf FAN-
 PAINTER, at Tunbridge-Wells.*

PAinting and Poetry, you know,
 Were Sisters many Years ago:
 And every Critic must allow,
 They have the same Connection now.
 My Little Dwarf, allow me then,
 To guide thy Pencil by my Pen:
 Then let the Muse present a Plan,
 To be the Subject of a Fan.
 Receive, and from no Woman-Hater,
 A well-intention'd, honest Satire.
 Thick, my Dwarf, lay thick enough on,
 The Majesty of *M—y T—n*.
 Nor yet forget, you little Varlet,
 Th' eternal Frown of gloomy *C—l—t*.
 Yet be their Colours nicely plac'd,
 To give an Air of Sense and Taste.
 But begin each frowning Feature
 With Pride, Ill-Humour, and Ill-Nature.
 Let ugly Scorn distort their Faces,
 And frighten thence the Loves and Graces.

With

With Patience who can bear to think on
 Th' imperious Airs of haughty *I—n* :
 But give the Piece a little Merit ;
 Give it Sense, Address, and Spirit.
 Near her draw, but pray don't tell 'em,
 The saucy Face of either *P—l—m*.
 Shade, oh ! Shade enough allow,
 To bronze the Saffron Face of *H—e* :
 But let her Drapery be flaring,
 Loosely flaunting, wildly staring.
 Draw three Fair Ones, singing, shouting,
 Clapping, dancing, hoyd'ning, routing ;
 Disturbing Concert, Walks, and Ball,
 With Beau *Nash* frowning on them all.
 While *K—l* all alike derides,
 Draw him holding both his Sides,
 Contention and Confusion over,
 This Quality Compartment Rover.
 Hither screaming Scandal bring,
 Let her flap her baleful Wing :
 With hundred Tongues, and hundred Eyes,
 Emblem of Female Talk, and Lies :
 Pride and Envy stalk among
 This wretched, clam'rous, thoughtless Throng.
 Let Riot seem to rule the Place,
 And drive away Content and Peace :
 Discretion will no longer stay,
 But spreads her Wings, and fleets away.
 Then Lady *F—r*, but spare, O Bard !
 The youthful Spouse of *E—r—d* ;
 Indulgent to her Youth advise,
 Avoid, take Warning, and be wise.
 Let there be a Fribble Groupe,
 Of *B—l*, *S—n*, *P—l*, *S—*.
 And in the midst conspicuous, fain I
 Would see the simple *A—y*.

But

But rather draw the little Peer,
 Gallanting with that pert Thing *F—r*;
 Here bring the happy Husband in,
 Sneering a senseless ghastly Grin.
 To raise the Price, and Fops to fleece,
 Let pretty *L—s* grace the Piece.
 But O be sure with strict Formality,
 Bring her in among the Quality;
 Or else she'll think you use her ill,
 Sweet let her smile on Master *B—*;
 And make the Youth receive the Grace
 With open Mouth, and simple Face.
 But, on my Life, I hardly mist her,
 I think there is another Sister:
 Draw her hearing, blith, and merry,
 The blubb'ring Talk of *L—d—y*.
 But now, my Genius, shift the Scene,
 Draw a gaping Gulph between,
 Mix the Colours, stretch the Line,
 Be the Stroke and Pencil fine.
 Great the Skill, and nice the Touches,
 That can describe the decent Dutches.
 But say, what Pencil can express
 Her faultless, easy, free Address?
 Now mingle Dignity with Ease,
 And teach a Piece like her to please.
 Decent, sensible, and cruel,
 Draw the little Face of *N—l*.
 Let the prudent *Yorkshire* Lassess *, * *Miss A-l-bies*.
 Exhibit here their sober Faces:
 Bring them forth with Motion, Mein,
 Steady Gait, and Look serene;
 Much reserv'd, yet inoffensive,
 Shy, demure, and somewhat pensive.
 In brightest Colours let me see
 The Ruby Lips of laughing *L—*.

And

And next, the Muse had almost past her,
 The *Je'en scay quoy* jaunty F—r.
 V—P's opening Bloom adorn,
 With Colour blushing like the Morn,
 Such Innocence, and heav'nly Grace,
 As smooth, as Youthful Cherub's Face.
 But Colours now my Dwarf prepare,
 Bright as the Fancy of my Fair.
 And let the nice Design appear,
 Like her own Judgment, fine and clear.
 Let strictest Rules of Art direct,
 And be your Taste, like her's, correct.
 Find Expression soft, and strong,
 As any Poet's lofty Song.
 To this lovely Piece annex,
 Parts beyond her Years, and Sex.
 Temper more than manly Sense,
 With softest Female Diffidence;
 And to her blooming Looks impart
 The Candour of her tender Heart.
 But, crys the Painter, What d'ye call her?
 Your Pardon, Sir, the Wits would maul her.
 Her Face and Shape the Belles may mangle,
 Or fluttering Fops for ever dangle:
 I'll save her from the envious Rout,
 I think you'd better leave her out.
 You'll say, this is my Fancy's Baby,
 Well such a one there is, or may be.
 Hence flirting Fops, and flirting Belles,
 A long Adieu to *Tunbridge-Wells*.
 Farewell Jilt, Coquet, and Prude,
 Welcome solemn Solitude.
 Shady Walks, and sultry Hills,
 Warbling Birds, and purling Rills.
 Where free from Envy, Noise, and Strife,
 I'll loll away a Laughing Life.

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The following Bite upon the Publick is of so new and so extraordinary a Nature, that it deserves to be recorded, as it shews, that a foolish Credulity and ridiculous Curiosity seem to have banished common Sense from the Quality and Gentry of this great Metropolis. Towards the Middle of January, 1749, the following Advertisement appeared in the News Papers.

AT the *New Theatre* in the *Hay-Market*, on Monday next, the 16th instant, to be seen a Person who performs the several most surprizing Things following, viz. First, he takes a common Walking-Cane from any of the Spectators, and thereon plays the Musick of every Instrument now in Use, and likewise sings to surprizing Perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common Wine-Bottle, which any of the Spectators may first examine; this Bottle is placed on a Table in the Middle of the Stage, and he (without any Equivocation) goes into it in Sight of all the Spectators, and sings in it; during his Stay in the Bottle, any Person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common Tavern Bottle.

Those on the Stage or in the Boxes may come in masked Habits, (if agreeable to them) and the Performer (if desired) will inform them who they are.

Stage 7s. 6d. Boxes 5s. Pit 3s. Gallery 2s.

To begin at Half an Hour after Six o'Clock.

 Tickets to be had at the Theatre.

* * The Performance continues about two Hours and a Half.

N. B. If any Gentlemen or Ladies, after the above Performances (either singly or in Company, in or out of Mask) are desirous of seeing a Representation of any deceased Person, such as Husband or Wife, Sister or Brother, or any intimate Friend of either Sex, (upon

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making

making a Gratuity to the Performer) shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some Minutes as if alive: Likewise (if desired) he will tell you your most secret Thoughts in your past Life; and give you a full View of Persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive.

For those Gentlemen and Ladies who are desirous of seeing this last Part, there is a private Room provided.

These Performances have been seen by most of the crown'd Heads of *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Europe*, and never appear'd publick any where but once; but will wait of any at their Houses, and perform as above, for five Pounds each Time.

☞ There will be a proper Guard to keep the House in due Decorum.

This other Advertisement was also publish'd at the same Time, which, one would have thought, was sufficient to prevent the former's having any Effect.

Lately arriv'd from Italy,

SIG. *Capitello Jumpedo*, a surprizing Dwarf, not taller than a common Tavern Tobacco-Pipe; who can perform a great many wonderful Equilibres, on the slack or tight Rope: Likewise he'll transform his Body in above ten thousand different Shapes and Postures, and after he has diverted the Spectators two Hours and a Half, he will open his Mouth wide, and jump down his own Throat. He being the most wonderfull Wonder of Wonders as ever the World wonder'd at, would be willing to join in Performance with that surprizing Musician on *Monday* next, in the *Hay-Market*.

He is to be spoke with at the *Black Raven* in *Golden Lane* every Day from Seven till Twelve, and from Twelve all Day long.

Never

Nevertheless, the Contrivance took, and the Play-house was crouded with Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, &c. the Consequence of which will appear from the following Paragraph.

Last Night (viz. *Monday, Jan. the 16th*) the much expected Drama of the Bottle-Conjurer of the *New Theatre in the Hay-Market*, ended in the tragi-comical Manner following. Curiosity had drawn together prodigious Numbers. About 7 the Theatre being lighted up, but without so much as a single Fiddle to keep the Audience in good Humour, many grew impatient. Immediately follow'd a Chorus of Catcalls, heighten'd by loud Vociferations, and beating with Sticks; when a Fellow came from behind the Curtain, and bowing, said, that if the Performer did not appear, the Money should be return'd. At the same Time a Wag crying out from the Pit, that if the Ladies and Gentlemen would give double Prices, the Conjurer would get into a Pint Bottle, presently a young Gentlemen in one of the Boxes seized a lighted Candle, and threw it on the Stage. This serv'd as the Charge for sounding to Battle. Upon this, the greatest Part of the Audience made the best of their way out of the Theatre; some losing a Cloak, others a Hat, others a Wig, and others Hat, Wig, and Swords also. One Party however staid in the House, in order to demolish the Inside, when the Mob breaking in, they tore up the Benches, broke to Pieces the Scenes, pull'd down the Boxes, in short dismantled the Theatre entirely, carrying away the Particulars above-mentioned into the Street, where they made a mighty Bonfire; the Curtain being hoisted on a Pole, by way of a Flag. A large Party of Guards were sent for, but came time enough only to warm themselves round the Fire. We hear of no other Disaster than a young Nobleman's Chin being hurt, occasion'd by his Fall into the Pit, with Part of one of

the Boxes, which he had forced out with his Foot. 'Tis thought the Conjuror vanish'd away with the Bank. Many Enemies to a late celebrated Book, concerning the ceasing of Miracles, are greatly disappointed by the Conjuror's non-appearance in the Bottle; they imagining, that his jumping into it would have been the most convincing Proof possible, that Miracles are not yet ceased.

Several Advertisements were printed afterwards, some serious, others comical, relating to this whimsical Affair; among the rest was the following, which, we hope, may be a Means of curing this Humour for the future.

This is to inform the Publick,

THAT notwithstanding the great Abuse that has been put upon the Gentry, there is now in Town a Man, who instead of creeping into a Quart or Pint Bottle, will change himself into a Rattle; which he hopes will please both young and old. If this Person meets with Encouragement to this Advertisement, he will then acquaint the Gentry where and when he performs.

The Reason assign'd, in another humorous Advertisement, of the Conjuror's not going into the *Quart Bottle*; was, that after searching all the Taverns, no one could be found.

On the above Action in the Hay-Market.

WHEN Conjurors the Quality can bubble,
And get their Gold with very little Trouble,
By putting giddy Lies in publick Papers,—
As jumping in Quart Bottles,—such like Vapours;
And further yet, if we the Matter strain,
Wou'd pipe a Tune upon a Walking-Cane;

Nay

Nay, more surprizing Tricks! he swore he'd show,
Grannums who dy'd a hundred Years ago:—

'Tis whimsical enough, what think ye, Sirs?

The Quality can ne'er be Conjurers,—

The De'el a bit;—no, let me speak in Brief,

The Audience Fools, the Conjuror a Thief.

E P I T A P H.

Beneath in the Dust, the mouldy old Crust
Of *Moll Batchelor* lately was shoven,
Who was skill'd in the Arts of Pyes, Custards and Tarts,
And ev'ry Device of the Oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough, she made her last Puff,
A Puff by her Husband much prais'd;

And here she doth lie, and makes a Dirt Pye,

In Hopes that her Crust may be rais'd.

To the I—d—t E—t—rs of W—r

GENTLEMEN,

AT the Recommendation of the late *Conclave* held
at *Rome*, your *Votes* and *Interests* are desired for
two Gentlemen, to be your Representatives in the en-
suing Parliament; you are therefore requir'd to meet at
Mr. *POPE's*, at the Sign of the *Cross*, in *Jeffery's-*
Street, near *Bloody-Lane*; where you'll be entertain'd
with the best of *Holy Water*, such as hereafter 'tis to
be hop'd will, by this Canal, overflow the whole Land;
also with *Golden Beads* to chain you down to *Arbitrary*
Power: At which Place you'll be inform'd of the above
Candidates Names, who you may be assur'd are well af-
fected for the *Old Constitution* (as from 1684, to 1688.)
as manifestly appear'd by their strenuously opposing the
Associations and Subscriptions made towards suppressing
the

the late Rebellion : And as your Welfare is what they have most at Heart, they will [if possible] at their own Expence, for the Good of your City, appoint a STUART to have the Management of both your private and publick Interest; and *you* may depend upon it, will do their utmost Endeavours to put an End to this dishonourable and unnecessary *French War*, by as glorious a Peace as that of *Utrecht*.

The noble Struggle lately made in *North Britain*, fomented and so well supported by I—d—p—y, will, we hope, very much add to the above Recommendation, for your readily voting for the said Patriots.

As independent Orations are absolutely necessary on so important an Occasion, *our* seraphic Orator H—— will give you a Lecture, in which he will, in his obscure Language, demonstrate, that Jacobitism, Popery, and *England's* becoming a Province of *France*, should be the earnest Desire of every *English* Protestant, as the only Means to support our Liberties.

N. B. After the Election, each Voter shall be entitled to a *Jacobus*, to be received from Mr. *Judas French*, at the *Bloody Dagger*, in *Bondage-Street*, near *Wooden-Shoe-Lane*.

A SONG, by a LADY.

YOU say you love, and twenty more
Have sigh'd and said the same before,
And yet I swear, I can't tell how,
I ne'er believ'd a Man till now,

I ne'er believ'd, &c.

'Tis odd that I shou'd Credit give
To Words, who know that Words deceive,
And lay my better Judgment by,
To trust my partial Ear or Eye,
To trust, &c.

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'Tis

Stop the Smuggler, and the Hawker,
 Who illicit Commerce drive ;
 Hang the Rogue and Midnight Walker—
 These are Drones that rob the Hive.

While we wait thy warm Caresses,
 Urge us on in loyal Ways ;
 Not in formal trite Addresses,
 Nor in Riot and Huzzas :

But in Acts of Love and Duty,
 To our KING and to his HEIR ;
 These confer a real Beauty,
 And our Principles declare.

Mix with Reason ev'ry Pleasure,
 Sparing, hand the giddy Bowl ;
 Deal us Liberty by Measure,
 Left Excess should drown the Soul.

On the PEACE.

AT length the rude Alarms of War are o'er,
 All Parties very wise, and very poor ;
 No longer Nations against Nations rise,
 Nor hostile Warriors meet with hateful Eyes.
 Lo ! *Peace*, angelick Maid, from Heav'n descends,
 And bids contending Foes be mutual Friends.

Come, then, fair Goddess ! lovely Mildness, come !
 Expel the Clouds of War's oppressive Gloom !
 Come, *Peace*, more welcome than the dawning Light
 To those, who dwell full half the Year in Night !
 Come, heav'nly Charmer, chase our Cares away,
 And bless *Britannia* with thy brightest Ray !
 Hark ! a glad Sound the lonely Desert cheers,
 Let Discord cease : the Nymph, the Nymph appears !
 Joy, Love and Harmony attend her Train,
 Earth joyous laughs, and smiles the rural Plain.

Now

Now brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more,
 Nor dying Groans resound along the Shore :
 Loud Cannons now in Gratulation play,
 To hail the Glories of th' auspicious Day.
 No longer now is heard the Din of Arms,
 Of Hosts encount'ring, and the dread Alarms :
 No flaming Weapons with effulgent Glare
 Flash o'er the Field, and lighten in the Air ;
 Secure the Faulchion sleeps within its Sheath,
 With all the murd'ring Implements of Death.

Hail, blest *Saturnian* Times ! again return !
 Let *Europe* now no more your Absence mourn,
 Propitious now your kindest Blessings shed
 On *William's* Labours and on *George's* Head :
 Let happy Days, by peaceful *George* restor'd,
 Compleat the just Designs of *William's* Sword.

An ODE to PEACE.

QUEEN of Plenty ! Queen of Smiles !
 Welcome to thy fav'rite Isles !

Welcome ! as refreshing Rains

Pour'd on *Afric's* thirsty Plains !

To polar Regions as the Morning Ray !

The Morning of a lasting Day,

Period of tremendous Night ;

Night diffus'd thro' half the Year,

Brooding Want, and Pain, and Fear ;

Peace is Joy, and Life, and Light !

See *Britannia* drown'd in Tears !

Sooth her Sorrows, chase her Fears ;

Come, plume the Wings of Hope again,

Industry's wither'd Strength restore,

Send busy Commerce o'er the Main,

And bid her yet new Worlds explore.

Bid exil'd Arts return, and swell
 The Muse's long neglected Shell,
 To Love attune the genial Song,
 To Love the sweetest Strains belong,
 Sink the Trumpet to the Flute,
 The lessen'd Drums to Tabors turn,
 Bid the Cannon's Voice be mute,
 Let no Torch but Hymen's burn.

Already thro' my Breast I feel,
 All thy pleasing Influence shed,
 In Song my Raptures I reveal,
 And the Bay entwines my Head.
 O prolong the joyful Hour!
 Still; O still exert thy Power!
 Here fix at length thy lasting Throne,
 And call my native Realms thy own,
 Here let thy Olive flourish high
 A blisful Shade to latest Times supply,
 And Friend to Nature, but with Nature die.

A RHAPSODY on PEACE.

WITH Whimfies perplex'd, t'other Day out of
 Spite,

Having nought else to do, I e'en sat down to write:
 But, horrid to tell! my black Lines were not true,
 My Paper so thin that the Ink went quite thro';
 My Pens were so bad that I wish'd 'em at *Rome*;
 For my Pen-knife I felt, but had left it at home.

Such Crosses what Mortal with Patience could bear?

Yet, in Spite of them all, I determin'd to try,
 With Ambition for Fame, and Contempt of Despair,
 How high my young Muse in Heroics could fly.

Come

Come then, my Muse, and sing of *Peace* with Joy,
What sweeter Subject can my Muse employ!

A Theme like this might animate a *Cope*;

A Theme like this make *Ogilby* a *Pope*.

A Theme like this inspires spontaneous Lays,
Peace, and the bless'd Effects of *Peace* I praise.

Hoarse Voices now no longer shall amuse,
Or fright the Town, with Sound of *bloody News*.

No longer now shall thund'ring Cannons roar,

And fright the Vessels from the hostile Shore;

But harmless Squibs in Air with Rockets play,

And Torches imitate the Blaze of Day.

The *Fribbles* now, an inoffensive Crew,

Shall, without Dread, their Fopperies pursue.

In *White's* first Floor, undaunted shall they meet,

And view, unhurt, th' Artillery of the Street:

There let them taste the Pleasures of *Champaign*,

Enough for me that, in a mirthful Vein,

My Voice, tho' harsh, tho' impotent my Song,

I chant the Pleasures that to *Peace* belong.

Oxford, Nov. 16.

CAR. COMBES.

A SONG on the PEACE.

WHO see de *Peace* To-day proclaim-a?

By wise Men made with *France* and *Spain*-a,

Where *Britain* quits what she did gain-a,

Doodle, doodle, doo?

When we at first began the War-a,

And brave Jack Tar, not fearing Scar-a,

To take *Cape Breton* went from far-a,

Doodle, &c.

And brave *New-England* Men did fight-a,

To gain from *France* their Mother's Right-a,

Which she gave back to *France* in Spite-a,

Doodle, &c.

From

From proud Monsieur, and eke from *Spain-a*,
When many a *Frenchman* had been slain-a,
And we triumphant o'er the Main-a,

Doodle, &c.

Tho' we at Mercy had the *French-a*,
Destroy'd their Fleets, their Commerce 'trencht-a,
They have all back for Soup and Drench-a,

Doodle, &c.

We've spent Millions Three-times ten-a,
And brought our Soldiers back again-a,
Except the Thousands that were slain-a,

Doodle, &c.

Such Negotiators ne'er were mix-a
Since good King *Harry's* Reign the Six-a,
Whose Father conquer'd *France* for Nix-a,

Doodle, &c.

Sure Men so wise 'n no Nation bore-a
The Burden of a State before-a,
Or none such liv'd in Days of Yore-a,

Doodle, &c.

If *France* did not for Mercy call-a,
And Brothers were not 'fraid to fall-a,
Why did we give them Peace at all-a?

Doodle, &c.

Our Hostages will soon come back-a,
And wise Men sure the Nation lack-a,
Red Ribbands should adorn their Neck-a,

Doodle, &c.

Such *France* ne'er saw from before-a,
Tho' we from them have had some Score-a,
But dat be past Three Age or more-a,

Doodle, &c.

Now if our Sportsmen still think fit-a,
To ride their Steeds with *Pelbam* Bit-a,
Ye Gods preserve them from a *Pitt-a*,

Doodle, &c.

A Reduced OFFICER'S Complaint.

Curs'd on the Star, dear *Harry*, that betray'd
 My Choice, from Law, Divinity, and Trade, }
 To turn a rambling Brother of the Blade.
 Of all Professions, sure, the worst is War;
 How whimsical our Fortunes, how bizarre!
 This Week we shine in Scarlet and in Gold,
 The next, the Sword is pawn'd, the Watch is sold;
 This Day, familiar with my Lord, we dine,
 The next his Grooms our Company decline.
 Like Meteors, rais'd in a tempestuous sky,
 A while we glitter, then obscurely die.

| Of such Disgrace must Heroes still complain,
 | And curse an honourable Peace in vain?

I, who so lately pass'd my smiling Hours,
 In witty Converse, and in soft Amours;
 Who in rich Volwey, and Champaign cou'd toast
 The reigning Beauty, and her Favours boast,
 Must now retire, and languish out my Days,
 Far from the Realms of Pleasure, and of Praise;
 Quit dear *Hyde Park*, for dull provincial Air,
 And change the Play-house for a Country Fair;
 With sneaking Parsons beastly Bumpers quaff,
 At low Conceits, and vile Conundrums laugh;
 Toast to the Church, and that and this Divine,
 And herd with Country Squires, a Swine with Swine.

| Ye Gods, such foul Disgrace must Heroes bear?
 | Is this of honourable Peace their share!

There was a time, oh! yes, there was a time,
 Ere Poverty made Luxury a Crime;
 Ere Broths, with Marygolds bestrew'd, were known;
 When Soups made way for Dainties not our own.
 When *French* Ragouts were orthodox and good,
 And Truffles held no Heresy in Food.

Nor

Nor to eat Mackrill was adjudg'd high Treason,
 Tho' Gooseberry Sauce, as yet, was not in Season.
 But under——frugal Dispensation,
 These splendid Sins submit to Reformation.
 Scourg'd by his Wand, and humbled by his Sway,
 I've learn'd to suit my Diet to my Pay.
 And, now, even sanctify with solemn Face
 A heavy Dumpling with a formal Grace.
 In aukward Plenty slovenly I dine,
 And nappy Ale supplies the want of Wine.
 No nice Defarts my tutor'd Palate please,
 To fill up Chinks, a Slice of *Suffolk* Cheese.
 Must *British* Heroes thus like *Roman* live ?
 And is this all a glorious Peace can give ?
 But, ah ! the hardest part is still behind,
 The fair, too, gentle *Harry*, prove unkind.
 Think then how wretchedly my Time must pass,
 For what's this World, my Friend, without a Lass ?
 Tho' pinch'd by Poverty, inglorious State !
 Give me but Woman, I'll absolve my Fate.
 But, ah ! to those by Poverty deprest,
 Not Fate itself can give a Female Guest.
 The Sex, no Vows of needy Love will trust,
 To pamper Pride they'll even starve their Lust,
 And vain of Titles, Equipage and Show,
 Quit the rough Soldier for the tainted Beau.
 I, who so oft my forward Zeal have shew'd,
 And in their Service spent my warmest Blood,
 Am now reduc'd (hard Fate !) for want of Pelf,
 To keep the worst of Company—myself.
 Are Heroes banish'd, by the Peace they won,
 To dwell with those whom all combine to shun ?

Verses occasion'd by hearing certain grumbling Coffee-House Politicians descanting on what the KING'S SPEECH would be, before he went to the House.

NO W, great with Expectation, looks each Man,
 Able at once, his Sovereign's Speech to scan :
 Whether too late his Royal Wrath did cease,
 Or if too soon he has made up a Peace :
 With doubting Shrug, uneasy they appear,
 Whether he Peace proclaim, or War declare ;
 Just Judges still, to speak on either Side,
 And, capable alike, they soon decide ;
 And, either Things might have been manag'd better !
 Or, we in one Year more might *Europe* fetter !
 Or, else the War was enterpriz'd too late !
 Each Way, however, *wretched is the State !*
 Always, too late, or soon, is each Design,
 Of Peace, or War ; and all, at once, combine
 Against all Measure, and, from what they say,
 'Tis wrong, you may be certain, either Way :
 If War you carry on ; Oh, what Expence !
 If Peace is made ; it is against all Sense !
 Or Peace, or War, among such wretched Vermin,
Whatever is, is wrong, they first determine.

England's

England's *ALARUM-BELL*: or, Give not up
GIBRALTAR; *A new Ballad. The Tune,--Come listen*
to my Ditty, &c.

*The fatal Hour draweth on,
The Winds and Tides agree ;
And now (sweet ENGLAND !) oversoon,
I must DEPART from THEE.*

OLD BALLAD.

I.

PALE her Looks, and clad in Mourning,
Smiting sore her aching Breast,
From Skies, *Albion's GENIUS* frowning,
Thus her injur'd Sons address'd :
How will *Britons* sink in Story !
Dup'd alike in Peace and War !
Fled's our *Trade*, eclips'd our *Glory*,
Shou'd we give up GIBRALTAR.

II.

This restor'd to a proud Nation,
Groaning under *Bourbon* Sway,
French and *Spanish* Fleets united,
Europe must their Flag obey.
These bold Fleets, in diff'rent Oceans,
By the *Streights* late sever'd far,
May, combin'd, insult *AUGUSTA* *,
Lost our darling GIBRALTAR.

* *London.*

III. Fix'd

III.

Fix'd in *Italy* the *Bourbons* †
Legbern will our Ships exclude ;
 Scorn'd our various Manufactures,
Frenchmen soon will theirs intrude.
 Then the *Algerines*, who court us,
 Will no *English* Vessel spare ;
 Lost the Port, to vend their Prizes,
 Should we part with GIBRALTAR.

IV.

Yielded this important Harbour,
 All our *Turky* Trade, adieu !
Port-Mahon must change its Master ;
 Gone th' *Italian* Traffick too !
 Then will *French* and *Spanish* Vessels
 Safely either *India* dare,
 The *Streights-Mouth* by us unguarded,
 Fool'd away our GIBRALTAR.

V.

Doubly blest, in Situation,
 Here a glorious *MART* would rise.
 A free Port to ev'ry Nation,
 Monarchs might its Friendship prize.
 Subject to the Laws of *Britain*,
 A new *Tyre*, 'twould shine a Star ;
 But vile Governors have curs'd It ;
 Such wou'd give up GIBRALTAR.

VI.

Lo! the Tongue of foul Corruption,
 Greedy, licks up all Things round !
 Soon the *PRESS* may want its Freedom ;
 Writing Truth be dang'rous found.

† *Don Carlos* and *Don Philip*.

K

Rouze

Rouze (brave *English* !) Check these Evils !
 Fam'd CAPE-BRETON's gone !--Beware !
 Wooden Shoes you'll surely put on,
 If you give up GIBRALTAR.

VII.

See a geugaw *Pile* ascending,
 Whence ten thousand Stars will blaze !
 Dear-bought *Arts* Assistance lending ;
 F---E-W---ks, play'd for Fools to gaze.
 High in Air, whilst flock the Millions,
Pallas whirls around her Car ;
 Laughing at a People's Frenzy,
 After losing GIBRALTAR.

VIII.

This fam'd Rock (the antient *Calpe*,)
Hercules did fiercely seize ;
British Sailors, when reign'd *Anna* ||
 Brav'd its Cliffs with equal Ease.
 Lads ! who form such matchless Conquests,
 (Hear me, ev'ry generous Tar !)
 Take your Clubs, beat down Their Houses,
 Who would give up GIBRALTAR.

IX.

See in *France* our Honour bleeding,
 As our **hostages** appear !
 Sure such mock *Negot--t---ns*
 Ne'er disgrace'd a crazy Year !
 Shou'd our BLUND---rs § yield that Fortrefs,
 We completely ruin'd are.
 Hang the *Wretch* who first proposes
 To give up fam'd GIBRALTAR.

|| GIBRALTAR was taken under Sir George *Rock*, in 1704.

§ Some Copies have it PLUND---rs.

A LETTER to Miss JENNY.

Would you know, my dear Miss,
 How your Brother *Ben* is,
 Whether thriving, in Health, and good Humour?
 This our Letter will tell,
 How he is, and lives well,
 And resolves not to quarrel with you more,
 When he opens his Eyes
 To the Window and Skies,
 And perceives that the Morning looks gay,
 If he wakes in no Fret,
 Up in Haste he will get,
 And undrest hurry down to his Play.
 But at first takes a Pill,
 With Intention to kill
 Gnawing Worms, and remove a slight Fever,
 Having vow'd to obey
 All the Doctor should say
 And his Mamma command him, for ever.
 Tho' a little he is sick
 By his taking of Physick,
 Soon he laughs, sings, and hallooos aloud;
 If he sets up a Cry,
 We discern the Cause why,
 'Tis not minding to do as we shou'd.
 With the Dog and the Cat
 He'll play Tricks, and he'll chat,
 But the Fiddle oft gives him most Pleasure;
 Then to Cards, or Bopeep,
 Whipping Top, smacking Whip,
 A Variety strange without Measure.

When he talks broken *French*
 To the Fellow or Wench,
 Entertaining with innocent Prattle,
 By his cracking of Jokes
 Full as arch as old *Nokes*,
 Not his Head, but his Tongue, proves a Rattle.
 His Behaviour is good,
 In his Manners not rude,
 Whether sitting, or walking, or feeding ;
 In his Temper and Sense
 Shines the bright Influence
 Of his elegant Mamma's fine Breeding.
 This our little plain House
 Finds us Mirth and Repose,
 With a Zeal for our Patrons so ready,
 That as oft as we dine,
 Tho' not tempted with Wine,
 We remember my Lord and my Lady.
 Little minding the Fears
 Of those Commons and Peers,
 Who suspect the *French* Faith in all Treaties ;
 But securely we live
 In the Hopes we conceive
 From the Wisdom of *S—nd—ch*, that great is.

*The PETITION of Justice Boden's Horse to
 the Duke of Newcastle.*

Quite worn to the Stumps, in a piteous Condition,
 I present to your Grace this my humble Petition,
 Full twenty-five Stone, as all the World says,
 (To me it seems more) my plump Master weighs,
 A Load for a Team this, yet I all alone
 To *Claremont* must draw him, for Help I have none.

O'er

O'er *Esber's* hot Sands, in a dry Summer's Day,
 How I sweat, and I pant, and I curse all the Way.
 But when I return, and the Draft is increas'd
 By what he has cram'd, a Stone at the least,
 No single Horse can be, in Conscience thought able
 To draw both the Justice, and eke half your Table.
 Thus my Case, gracious Duke, to your tender Com-
 passion,
 I submit, and O take it into Consideration.
 To drive with a Pair put the 'Squire in the Way,
 Your Petitioner then, bound in Duty, shall Neigh.

On a DREAM.

Dreams are Monitions sent us from high Heav'n,
 But what avails the scanty Prescience giv'n ;
 Unless the same kind Power wou'd reveal
 How Man may shun the Ruin they foretell ?

EPITAPH on JOHN TROTPLAID, *alias* J—F—.

Beneath this Stone
 Lies TROTPLAID JOHN,
 His Length of Chin and Nose :
 His crazy Brain,
 Unhum'rous Vein
 In Verse and eke in Prose.
 Some Plays he wrote,
 Sans Wit or Plot,
 Adventures of Inferiors !
 Which, with his Lives
 Of Rogues and Thieves,
 Supply the Town's Posteriors.

But

But ah, alack!
 He broke his Back,
 When Politicks he try'd:
 For like a Fart
 He play'd his Part,
 Crack'd loudly, stunk, and dy'd.

On the late M—rt—l Bills.

OUR Island's Guardian, LIBERTY,
 In all her Charms confest,
 Perusing the two Mart—l Bills,
 Her Anger thus exprest.
 O Britons! once my darling Sons,
 The Envy of Mankind,
 How are you faln from what you were,
 To all but *Int'rest* blind.
 Thus grovling had your Sires behav'd,
 (They who for Freedom dy'd)
 Beneath the hated *Gallic* Yoke
 In Chains you now had sigh'd.

A F A B L E.

To the Earl of GR—NV—LE.

DID Pow'r and Liberty agree,
 That all might act and speak as free
 As Conscience bids, as Reason guides;
 Then Hate wou'd cease on both the Sides:
 But let *Corruption* have the Sway,
 Let Truth and Justice both give way,
 'Tis mean of those who then obey.
 If Money gives a St—n. Pow'r
 To ruin, waste, confound, devour;

If

If no Resentment check his Hand,
 If absolute be his Command ;
 What Insults will approach a Th—ne,
 When Thousands are by him undone ?

Whether bestow'd on Age or Youth,
 Remark 'tis plac'd in Worth and Truth ;
 Then let my Meaning borrow Shape,
 And quote *Horse*, *Monkey*, *Bear*, and *Ape* :

A noble *Steed*, of Birth and Fame,
 By Fortune's Smiles had rais'd a Name ;
 Had liv'd in Credit and in Trust,
 And was esteem'd extreamly just.
 At length to Height of Pow'r he rose ;
 From thence began his secret Foes.

A *Monkey* pert, of Modes and Airs,
 Was chose to rule in St—e Affairs,
 Whose ready Wit cou'd quickly bribe
 The Vices of the fawning Tribe ;
 Cou'd act the *Lion's*, *Spaniel's* Part,
 And still profess the Friend at Heart.
 His greatest Talents always lay,
 The cunning Honest to betray :
 Whate'er resolv'd was surely done,
 Either by Gold or Flatt'ry won.
 By this he gain'd the M——ch's Ear ;
 Nor had he any pop'lar Fear,
 'Till vex'd with Murmurs, Cares, and Toils,
 He quits, retiring with his Spoils.

The *Bear*, who stood the next in Station,
 Was glad that he might serve the Nation ;
 For Worth and Truth were his Profession,
 And Genius was his own Possession ;
 Nor did he value others Spite,
 For what he did was just and right.
 His principal Design was set,
 To bring the Nation out of Debt ;

To

To judge aright, correct Abuses ;
Nor spend the Gold for private Uses.

This stung the fawning Tribe too much,
Who, quite unlike him, envy'd such.
Besides, their Pensions now grew short,
And surely they must *live* at C—t.
But ways they did e're long contrive
To ruin him, for them to thrive.
Thus they with Bluster, and with Rout,
Compell'd the Steed to turn him out.

Next came in Turn the sneaking *Ape*,
More to be shun'd for Vice than Shape :
He studied all the Monkey's Ways ;
His Vanity was fed with Praise ;
His whole Intent was fix'd on Wealth,
Which soon he got by Fraud and Stealth.
What might advance the publick Weal,
For private Int'rest he'd conceal ;
By diff'rent Projects, Ways wou'd try,
To drain the Nation's Money dry.

A *Brother Ape* this S——n had,
In Sense as short, as Morals bad ;
This was enough to recommend
Him, as a publick trusty Friend.

Oppression, Want, and Fear began,
To grow from their united Plan :
Whatever Good to Trade was meant,
Was plainly known by *Five per Cent*.
The Beasts but murmur'd for a Time,
Then loudly told the Brothers' Crime.

The Steed enrag'd, cries, ' Hence ye Crew,
' What Punishment is justly due
' To such Offence? — At length I find,
' Whatever Evils you design'd,
' Has, by your base Administration,
' Been charg'd on me, who gave you Station.

The

The Inner Temple Gate, London, being lately repaired, and curiously decorated, the following INSCRIPTION, in Honour of both the Temples, is intended to be put over it.

AS by the Templar's Holds you go,
The *Horse* and *Lamb*, display'd
In emblematic Figures shew
The Merits of their Trade.

That Clients may infer from thence
How just is their Profession,
The *Lamb* sets forth their *Innocence*,
The *Horse* their *Expedition*.

O happy *Britons* ! happy *Isle* !
Let foreign Nations say,
Where you get Justice without Guile,
And Law without Delay.

Written in Answer to the above.

DEluded Men, these Holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning *Elves* ;
These artful Emblems tend to shew
Their Clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a Trick ; these all are Shams,
By which they mean to cheat you ;
But have a care, for yo're the *Lambs*,
And they the *W—l—s* that eat you.

Nor let the Thoughts of *no Delay*
To these their Courts misguide you ;
'Tis yo're the *shewey Horse*, and they
The *Jockeys* that will ride you.

FILCH at the GALLOWS.

BAckwards rode FILCH, who *Pockets* us'd to rifle,
And thought it hard to hang for such a *Trifle* :
L Under

Under the Tree his *Scruples* he declar'd,
 Repeating still, 'Tis *hard*, 'tis *very hard* :
 ' Were RACKIT with me, I *the less* should grieve :
 ' 'Till wrong'd by *Him*, I never took to *thieve*.'
Poor FILCH, I pity thee, the *Parson* cry'd :
 But by thy *Country*, Lad, thou hast been *try'd* :
 Thy *Crime* was evident, and just thy *Sentence* ;
 And nothing now remains—but *short Repentance*.
 Thy *poor* Petition had no Friends to *back it*. —
 Forgive the *World*, and to his *Guilt* leave RACKIT.
 ' *Leave to his Guilt!* quoth *FILCH* : ah, Sir, that's *fine!*
 ' All I would ask, is—to be *left to mine*.
 ' But here I come to make a *dying Speech* : ———
 Poh ! Thou art *poor*, I say, and RACKIT's *rich* ;
 The *Fates* decree (and who *their Doom* can alter ?)
 To Him an *Equipage* ; to Thee—a *Halter*.
 True, *Law* condemns the *Rich*, as well as *Poor* :
 But *Wealth* from *Law* can find a *secret Door*.
 Tho' here so many *Smugglers* have harangu'd,
 The *richest* of them, doubtless, are *unhang'd*.
 The *Guinea-fliers* spent so ill their *Time*,
 That GAHAGAN had Nothing left but—*Rhime* ;
 But *Great Sir R*———t knew the *Use of Pelf* ;
 He stripp'd the *Tr****y*, and sav'd *Himself*. —
 Others, of *equal Rank*, have *learn'd* as much :
 They come not here, who *properly* can *TOUCH*.

An EPIGRAM, on a disconsolate TUTOR.

TUTOR B——, they say,
 Is in Dumps and Dismay,
 Offended at generous Satyr ;
 And, while under the Lash,
 He condemns the late Trash
 He vented against *Alma-Mater*.

Thus

Thus Teddy (no Slur)
 The pert Village Cur
 That attacks a poor innocent Stranger ;
 That is noisy to seize him,
 And with Snarling to teaze him,
 Must find itself often in Danger.

The Whip it provokes,
 And gall'd with its Strokes,
 (A Lesson worth each Puppy's Knowledge)
 It limps, howls and begs,
 With its Tail 'twixt its Legs,
 Unpitied, as you are in College.

*Miss L—TT—R, to Cornet F——R, on his falling down
 and breaking his Nose, sent with a Nose of Clay.*

IN Scripture, Sir, 'tis said, we must,
 As Dust we are, return to Dust,
 Then, why should you your *Nose* bemoan ?
 Since 'tis but just before you gone;
 And surely, ev'ry Booby knows
 That wheresoe'er a Person goes,
 He can but follow his own *Nose*.
 But, since your *Nose* has naughty Tricks,
 Not caring in your Face to fix,
 And (Villain like) is *run away*,
 I've sent, you, Sir, a *Nose of Clay*;
 Undoubting that you'll take it kind,
 I bear your *Nose* so much in Mind,
 And, really Sir, I think you ought
 To thank me for the happy Thought,
 That, when y' had lost your *Nose* in *Pother*,
 I sent y' again *just such another* :
 For, tho' a Man may meet his Foes
 In *Battle*, when he's lost his *Nose* ;
 Yet, *Ladies* often take Aversion,
 And think *no Nose* a great Asperion:

But any Fool, you know, will pass,
 If he has but a *Nose* in's *Face*.
 Then stick on this, when with *your Love*,
 'Twill keep as close as *Hand and Glove*,
 And I defy *both great and small*,
 To say—you've got no *Nose at all*.

Reading, Jan. 2.

*On the REPORT of a BRITISH FLEET being to be sent
 to the BALTICK.*

WHEN *War* subsided in the *South*,
 BELLONA seem'd to close her *Mouth* ;
 Her *Cheeks* were smooth, her *Arms* were slung,
 And down her *Trumpet* careless hung ;
 She look'd so tranquil on the *Nations*,
 They all appear'd like *near Relations*.

But see ! *already* she goes forth,
 And sounds a *Preclude* through the *North* :
 The *military Bands* prepare,
 And glow beneath the *Frozen Bear*.

Unhappy BRITAIN ! plac'd between
 The *Southern* and the *Northern Scene* ;
 Thy *Sons*, of *various Nations* mix'd,
 Thy *Line* to *ev'ry Movement* fix'd ;
 Whoever leads the *martial Dance*,
 From SWEDEN upwards, down to FRANCE ;
 'Tis thine to join some *purchas'd Friend*,
 And pay the *Musick*—in the *End*.

*On the Report that Sir PETER WARREN, Sir ED-
 WARD HAWKE, and EDWARD VERNON, Esq; are
 to be created Peers.*

IF true these *Hearsay Writers* tell,
 'Twill please the *People* wondrous well.
 A brave *Triumvirate* of *Tars*,
 Ennobled *more* than by their *Scars*,

Would

Would *grace* a Century that bears
 A Crop so large of *Common* ——— *rs.*
 But *Doubts*, as yet, perplex the Spirit,
 Doubts, rising merely from *their Merit*.
 Shall — M's Voice call *Honours* forth
 To crown *acknowledg'd Brit'sh worth*?
 Will not th' *ill natur'd* World reflect,
 That VERNON long lay in *Neglect*;
 That when *the Knights* triumphant reign'd,
Peace soon was made, and they *restrain'd*?
 Why give ye then (*this World* will ask)
 Th' *Award*, yet keep back *Half the Task*?
 Is it, that ALL *your Acts*, alike,
 By their ABSURDITY — should *strike*?

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE, *spoken by his Royal Highness the Prince of WALES's CHILDREN, on their performing the TRAGEDY of CATO, at Leicester-House*.*

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Prince GEORGE.

TO speak with Freedom, Dignity and Ease,
 To learn those Arts, which may hereafter please;
 Wise Authors say—let Youth in earliest Age,
 Rehearse the Poet's Labours on the Stage.
 Nay more! a nobler End is still behind,
 The Poet's Labours elevate the Mind;
 Teach our young Hearts with generous Fire to burn,
 And feel the virtuous Sentiments we learn
 T' attain these glorious Ends, what Play to fit,
 As that! where all the Powers of human Wit

* *The Parts were, Portius, by Prince George; Juba, Prince Edward; Cato, Master Nugent; Sempronius, Master Evelyn; Lucius, Master Montague; Decius, Lord Milfington; Syphax, Lord North's Son; and Marcus, Master Maddan; Marcia, Princess Augusta; and Lucia, Princess Elizabeth.*

Combine,

Combine, to dignify great *Cato's* Name,
 To deck his Tomb, and consecrate his Fame ;
 Where Liberty—O Name for ever dear !
 Breaths forth in ev'ry Line, and bids us fear
 Nor Pains, nor Death, to guard our sacred Laws,
 But bravely perish in our Country's Cause.
 Patriots indeed ! worthy that honest Name,
 Thro' every Time and Station still the same.
 Shou'd this superior to my Years be thought,
 Know—'tis the first great Lesson I was taught.
 What, though a Boy, it may with Pride be said,
 A Boy, in *England* born, in *England* bred :
 Where Freedom well becomes the earliest State,
 For there the Love of Liberty's innate.
 Yet more—before my Eyes those Heroes stand,
 Whom the great *William* brought to bless this Land ;
 To guard with pious Care, that generous Plan,
 Of Power well bounded,—which he first began.
 But while my great Fore-fathers fire my Mind,
 The Friends, the Joy, the Glory of Mankind ;
 Can I forget, that there is one more dear ?
 But he is present—and I must forbear.

E P I L O G U E.

Lady AUGUSTA.

THE Prologue's fill'd with such fine Phrases,
George will alone have all the Praises,
 Unless we can (to get in Vogue)
 Contrive to speak an Epilogue.

Prince EDWARD.

George has, 'tis true, vouchsaf'd to mention
 His future gracious Intention ;
 In such heroic Strains, that no Man
 Will e'er deny his Soul is *Roman*.
 But what have you or I to say to
 The pompous Sentiments of *Cato* ?

George

George is to have imperial Sway ;
 Our task is only to obey.
 And trust me, I'll not thwart his Will,
 But be his faithful *Juba* still.
 —Tho', Sister! now the Play is over,
 I wish you'd get a better Lover.

Lady AUGUSTA.

Why,—not to under-rate your Merit,
 Others would court with different Spirit :
 And I,—perhaps,—might like another,
 A little better than a Brother,
 Could I have one of *England's* Breeding ;—
 But 'tis a Point they're all agreed in,
 That I must wed a Foreigner,
 And cross the Sea—the Lord knows where ;
 —Yet let me go where'er I will,
England shall have my Wishes still.

Prince EDWARD.

In *England* born, my Inclination,
 Like yours, is wedded to the Nation :
 And future Times, I hope, will see
 Me General in Reality.
 —Indeed ! I wish to serve this Land,
 It is my Father's strict Command ;
 And none he ever gave, will be
 More chearfully obey'd by me.

CATO to PORTIUS.

W Hile I, exalted by my Prince's Grace,
 In borrow'd Pomp assume old *Cato's* Place,
 Tho' ill may suit his Form with beardless Youth,
 Yet shall his Soul beam forth in honest Truth :
 And thou, indulgent to my real Part,
 Accept this Tribute from a faithful Heart.
 Whether some Angel plan'd the Poet's Page,
 And *Addison* foretold thy rising Age ;
 Or whether, prompted by a Kindred Flame,
 Thy early Virtues wear an Hero's Name ;

Still

Still greater Glories wait approaching Years,
 When *George* shall be, what *Portius* now appears ;
 When filial Piety shall guard the Throne,
 And Love paternal make thy Fame its own.
 Then shall great *Cato* from the Heavens incline
 His raptur'd Eyes, to view his mended Line.
 Well may a brighter *Marcia* shine on Earth,
 When such she shines who gave our *Marcia* Birth ;
 While, fraught with *British* Worth and *Roman* Fire,
 A second *Juba* emulates his Sire ;
 And Nature's Gifts, by liberal Care refin'd,
 Stamp'd in *Elizabeth* a *Lucia*'s Mind.
 Nor nameless thou, our younger Hope, repine,
 The godlike *William*'s deathless Name is thine.
 Should fell Ambition wasteful Torrents spread,
 Or motley Faction raise his frantick Head,
 Millions with *George* shall own his sacred Cause
 Of Power, Freedom, Monarchy and Laws.
 Thy Virtues then shall claim a better Fate
 Than his, who fell beneath a falling State :
 Our Throne shall rise more glorious than his Grave,
 And *George* preserve, what *Cato* could not save.
 Thus while thy Arm the Banner shall display,
 While *Edward* learns to conquer and obey,
 O ! *Eton*, may this be thy boasted Pride,
 Thy Sons shall combat near their Prince's Side.
 Cheer'd by his Smiles, and honour'd by his Choice,
 Thy Towers resound—I hear th'inspiring Voice :
 “ Never shall Treason stain this bless'd Retreat,
 “ Nor barbarous Riot shake the *Muses* Seat ;
 “ Pure shall the hallow'd Stream of Learning flow,
 “ And the chaste Fires thro' spotless Bosoms glow.
 “ For these the *Roman* pour'd his patriot Blood,
 “ For these, unmov'd, the royal *Spartan* stood :
 “ But *Rome* hath bled, and *Greece* has fought, in vain
 “ For those, who bend the Neck, and court the Chain.

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*An Account of the famous Sieur ROCQUET, Surgeon ;
just arrived from Paris. Necessary for all Gentlemen
and Ladies, that attend the FIRE-WORKS.*

E flammâ cibum petere posse hunc arbitror. TER.

THIS is to give Notice, That the *Sieur ROCQUET, Surgeon*, is lately arrived from *Paris*, and hath brought over with him fifty *Assistant Surgeons*, who will attend at the ensuing **ROYAL FIRE-WORKS**, as near to the several Scaffolds as can be done with Safety ; where they will be ready to assist all Persons of Quality and Distinction ; and to prevent Imposition, he engages to perform the following Chirurgical Operations, at the lowest Prices, *viz.*

£. s. d.

For carrying off and bleeding a dead Corpse } (he reserving the Corpse for Anatomical } Lectures) - - -	0	5	0
For ditto, returning the Corpse to the Re- } lations - - -	0	2	6
Cutting off a Thigh, (Leg included)	1	1	0
Ditto, Leg below the Knee -	0	10	6
An Arm close to the Shoulder (Wrift, } Hand, Fingers, and Thumb included) }	1	1	0
Hand, Foot, Thumb, Toe, or Finger, } each - - -	0	5	0
For clearing out a bruise'd Eye, and re- } placing a right <i>Paris</i> brilliant black, } blue, or squinting one, in the Socket. }	1	1	0
N. B. To be put in red hot without Loss of Time or Blood.			

M

For

	£.	s.	d.
For repairing the Bridge of a broken Nose, with a right <i>French</i> enamell'd Case of any Complexion.	0	10	6
Ditto, beautifully inoculated, with an artificial Small-Pox	0	10	6
Teeth per Dozen	1	1	0
Ditto, single	0	2	6

He hath also brought over with him, a Quantity of *Kevenbulla* Cotton for the Ears, which will entirely prevent any ill Consequences which may otherwise arise from the Noise of the Cannon; absolutely necessary for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Officers of the Fleet and Army, not used to sudden and frightful Explosions. He also sells a most agreeable volatile Salt, highly useful for such Gentlemen of the Train, as cannot bear the offensive Smell of Gun-Powder. And he will extract Grains of Gun-Powder out of Ladies Faces, Necks, Arms, and other Parts of the Body, at the most reasonable Rates.

N. B. The said *Sieur Rocquet* sells, Wholesale or Retail, all Sorts of Legs, Arms, Eyes, Noses, or Teeth, made in the genteelest Manner, and as now worn by Persons of Rank in *France*: He repairs and beautifies, in a surprizing Manner, any old, decayed, or lost Parts of Human Bodies; fills up the Wrinkles and Furrows of old Age, as well as the Marks of the Small-Pox, with a new invented Paste; and sells artificial Breasts for Ladies, either *German-Plumps*, *French-Tetonettes*, or *English-primikins*, equal, if not superior for Complexion, Softness, and Elasticity, to Natural Ones. He rectifies all bad Shapes, by a new Method of making a gentle Incision to the Bone; and filing off the

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the protuberant Parts. He also cures effectually the most stinking Breaths, by drawing out, and eradicating all decayed Teeth and Stumps, and burning the Gums to the Jaw-bone, without the least Pain or Confinement; and putting in their stead, an entire Set of right *African Ivory Teeth*, set in *Rose-colour'd Enamel*, so nicely fitted to the Jaws, that People of the First Fashion, may eat, drink, swear, talk Scandal, quarrel, and shew their Teeth, without the least Indecency, Inconvenience, or Hesitation whatever. He deals only for ready Money with the Quality and Members of Parliament, but will give reasonable Credit to Citizens, Tradesmen, and Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.

Enquire for the said *Sieur ROCQUET, Surgeon*, at the Bar of *Old Slaughter's Coffee-House*.

Vivat REX.

*No PEACE for the Wicked : Or Wars broke out
in the CITY.*

To the Tune of, Under the Greenwood Tree.

I.

DR A W near, ye sober Citizens,
Who dwell in *London City*;
And if I can from Tears refrain,
I'll sing a dol'rous Ditty :
But, oh ! my Soul the Tale abhors,
Alack ! what Pity 'tis,
That Aldermen should rage in Wars,
And Gen'als rust in Peace ?

M 2

II. 'Twas

II.

'Twas at a Feast, our Lord-Mayor gave
 To Lords, and Aldermen,
 Where a most bloody War broke out
 'Twixt *W——r*, and *B——n* :
W——r was,——I don't know what ;
B——n's Trade was boiling Soap ;
 And, if he minds no other Trade,
 He may escape a Rope.

III.

But he, to State Affairs, alas !
 Must turn his Soap-sud Brains ;
 And so, as Chains now hang on him,
May he ne'er hang in Chains :
 But say, my Muse, what Devil, or God,
 Could raise this mighty Pother ;
 Make peaceful Souls boil o'er with Rage,
 And Brother baffle Brother.

IV.

The noisy God of Drunkenness
 Jump'd into *B——n*'s tenth Bottle ;
 And thence, with *Harlequin*'s Address,
 Jump'd into *B——n*'s poor Noddle :
 And then, and there, persuade did he,
 Dull *B——n*, for to be witty ;
 And to oppose some *Cocoa-Tree*-
 Healths, in the Loyal City.

V. " Let's

V.

" Let's drink," says he, " the brave Prince C——,
 " And d——n each H——r——n :
 " The Rascal that will not pledge me,
 " By G—d's a *Presbyterian*."
 " O B——n, O B——n," cries W——r ;
 " A Shame it is most burning ;
 " To name such treach'rous Healths, thou'rt mad ;
 " *But, not with too much Learning.*"

VI.

In harmless Words they parlied first ;
 As, " *You lie, Sir ; and you lie :*
 " *Thou art a Scoundrel, W——r :*
 " B——n, *thou art a meer Bully.*"
 Then wanting Words to vent their Rage,
 They're forc'd to come to Blows ;
 W——r lugg'd B——n's Afs's Ears,
 B——n tweak'd W——r's Nose.

VII.

Mars now let loose the Dogs of War,
 " To Arms," the Furies found :
 Earth to its very Center shook,
 When B——n fell to the Ground :
 Oh ! could blind *Homer* * but have seen,
 And sung, this mighty Battle,
 How City Heads broke City Stones !
 How Chains of Gold did rattle !

* A *Greek* Ballad-finger.

VIII. How

VIII.

How *W—r*'s pale Nose grew red,
 And spouted Streams of Blood ;
 How from the Breeches Knees of *B—n*
 Down rush'd a tawny Flood !
 The Hero smil'd 'midst all his Fears,
 To find out by the Smell ;
 And by the Colour to discern,
 It was not Blood that fell.

IX.

And now, ye sober Citizens,
 Be warn'd by *B—n*'s sad Fate ;
 Observe *King Charles the Martyr's Rule*,
 And *drink no Healths of State* :
 But, if you needs must drink a Health,
 Then be advis'd my me,
 Leave out the dangerous Words *brave Prince*,
 And only drink plain *C—+.*

X.

And so, God bless our good Lord-Mayor,
 A worthy Citizen ;
 And grant his Chair may ne'er be fill'd
 With such a *F—l* as *B—n* :
 May Men of Decency and Sense
 Our City Feasts still guide well ;
 And crazy Sots sent to preside
 At *Bedlam*, or at *Bridewell* ¶.

+ By which is meant *Church, Constitution, &c.*

¶ The worthy Mr. *Al-d—n B—n*, is a President of both these Hospitals ; famous for the sound Sense and good Morals of their Governors, as well as Inhabitants.

*On seeing the Workmen employed upon the Preparations
for the FIRE-WORKS in the Green-Park,
on SUNDAY last.*

——— *Dies Solis, non Sabbati.* ———

FREED from the Toils of War, and long
Distress,
Her Bliss increasing, tho' her Merit less,
Ungrateful *Britain!* scarce the Tempest o'er,
But of the Hand that still'd it thinks no more.
From her once fav'rite Isle Religion's fled,
And we again in Heathen Footsteps tread;
Like the poor *Persians*, we no more aspire,
Sunk from the God of Heav'n, to serve the God of
Fire.

On opposing the late Mutiny and Desertion Bill.

WH Y has Lord *E*——— against this Bill
His whole declamatory Skill
So tediously exerted?
The Reason's plain—for t'other Day
He mutiny'd himself, for Pay,
And he has twice deserted.

EPIGRAM, occasion'd by a Religious Dispute at
BATH.

ON Reason, Faith, and Mystery high,
Two Wits harangue the Table;
B——y believes he knows not why,
N—— swears 'tis all a Fable.

Peace,

Peace, Coxcombs, Peace ; and both agrees,
 N— kifs thy empty Brother ;
 Religion laughs at Foes like thee,
 And dreads a Friend like t'other.

PANTINE. *In Part an Imitation of the 8th Satire
 of the First Book of HORACE.*

FROM Rags to Paper, then to PASTEBOARD chang'd,
 From Toy to Toy the Artist's Fancy rang'd,
 Whether to make me *Card*, or spruce *Pantine* ;
 Implements form'd to please, and go between :
 The beaten Road, no longer he'll pursue,
 But for the Ladies, strike out something new :
 Hence a *Pantine* egregious I arose,
 Silent Interpreter 'twixt *Belles* and *Beaux* ;
 Worn out almost in Service of the Fair,
 At length a *Statesman* took me to his Care.

Here dang'rous Secrets might *Pantine* unfold ;
 What snarling Patriots fawn'd, and took the Gold ;
 How *Two* fam'd *B——rs* (who the Publick plunder'd)
 Sunk and emerg'd, and strain'd, and flounc'd and blun-
 der'd ;

Ev'n midst the *War* made Opposition cease,
 And bound our Fleets and Armies to the *Peace* ;
 Were disconcerted if our Foes we beat,
 Laugh'd at our *Loss*, and join'd in our *Defeat*.

But when the elder *B——r* cross'd the Water,
 Then I became their *prime Neg—ti—or*.

As such, when first I launch'd from *B——n's* Shore,
 A Fortress strong upon my Back I bore,
 On which *C. B.* in Letters plain appear'd :
 But *homewards* when again my Course I steer'd,
 To *D.* they varied, shifting like the Wind ;
 Seas wav'd before, and Works were rais'd behind.

Again

Again I sail'd like proud *Don PHILIP* crown'd ;
 But home return'd like wretched *Hostage* bound,
 With *H.* indors'd, and *Ninety thousand Pound.*
 In short, *their Boasts* let envious Statesmen cease,
 Know all——*Pantine* procur'd your glorious *P——e.*

FLACCUS, in arch *Satyrick Strain*, relates
 How fell *CANIDIA*, poisons those she hates ;
 How *SAGANA* consumes poor Infants Gizzards,
 Vile Witches ! But my Patrons were no *Wizzards* :
 Yet, *NERO* like, could strip their Mother bare,
 And ev'n her Vitals from her Bosom tear.
 But ere again I'd act the Courtier's Tool,
 Pd Refuge seek, in p—k—y Beau's Closetool.

Last Night, intent, th' illustrious *B——rs* fate
 To give the *Coup-de-Grace* to *Br——n's* Fate ;
 Quoth *HAL*, ' My *B——r* dear, let's e'en agree,
 ' The Fort surrender'd, to give up the Key.'——
 ' Agreed, (the other cries) with all my Heart ;
 ' Let's give up All, 'tis mean to keep a Part.'

Amaz'd I heard, upon a Peg elate,
 Our All surrender'd, e'en without Debate :
 And shudd'ring, down I tumbled from on High,
 Like *HERMES* swift descending from the Sky.

Aghast, they cry, while Conscience yerks the Lash,
 ' Our Doom's at hand ; What means that sudden
 ' Crash ?'

But when their poor *Pantine* they prostrate see :
 ' Strange Pow'r of Guilt ! what Coward Slaves are
 ' we !
 ' Shock'd at the Fall of *Pasteboard* or a Card,
 ' While *Br——n* sinks without our least Regard.'

*On admitting SOLDIERS, under Arms, into St. PAUL'S
on the Thanksgiving-Day.*

HIS G—— of —— begun this Union,
To guard our *Protestant Communion* :
He join'd the *Crozier* and the *Sword*,
Prov'd a *Red He—rr—g* on Record :
And well rewarded was his Labour,
To CANT. translated since, from EBOR.
If LONDON'S D——n improves the Hint,
What *Crime* or *Wonder* is there in't ?
For since the *Army*, as no Stranger,
Receiv'd the *Church* in Time of *Danger* ;
Is it unjust, or can it harm ye,
That now the *Church* admits the *Army*?

*On the THANKSGIVING, and the JUBILEE-BALL
that is to follow it.*

WHether inspir'd by *Heav'n*, or mov'd by *H—*,
They made this *P—*, what Conjuror can tell ?
'T would puzzle *Britain's* deepest *MACHIAVEL*.
If from *Above* the gen'ral *Blessing* flow,
(Since *Peace* is *CHRIST'S* *Beatitude*, we know)
At least, might nor the *Terms* be hatch'd *Below* ?
Superior Praise is rational and true :
But in the *doubtful Case*, which we pursue,
The Proverb says, *Let SATAN have his Due*.
Embarrass'd thus betwixt the *Good* and *Evil*,
The B——rs give, with *Complaisance* most civil,
This Day to *GOD*, *To-morrow* to the D——.

*APINDARICK ODE * upon ODDITIES. Extempore.*

THE *Thanksgiving-Day* ! the *Jubilee-Ball* !
The *Fireworks Fair* ! Orare ! Orare !

**If Irregularity of Numbers be the chief Characterstick of a Pin-
darick Ode, we must own our Correspondent has very happily succeeded.*
Chang'd

Chang'd Darkneſs to Light, made Fools to be wiſe,
 And lighten'd the Air. O rare ! &c.
 The Fire of the *Green-Park* diſpell'd all the Clouds,
 Made the *Ether* full *bright* :
 The Crouds who reſorted, the numberleſs Mob, did
 drink and carouſe,
 And laugh at the Sight ! O rare ! &c.
 Such a Meeting of Hotch-potch, and Mongrels,
 Sure never was ſeen ;
 Who all flock'd together, to aſk but one Queſtion ?
 ' Sirs, What does it mean ?'
 The Cuckow aloft did answer the Thouſands,
 ' 'Tis *April* Cajole,
 ' When Dukes are a Sporting, and Fools go a Nutting,
 ' The whole is a Droll.'
 Ye *Frenchmen*, I charge you, you grin not nor laugh,
 At Folly and Nonſenſe, nor Fireworks on Fire !
 It's merry enough
 To ſee our *Green-Park* made the Net to catch Fools,
 Who now fume and fret, and rail in high Pet,
 Becauſe they are Tools. O rare ! &c.
 To heap the Fools Pence into other Mens Pockets,
 And empty their own ;
 This was a ſtrange Farce, which catch'd Great and Small,
 Tho' hatch'd in the Moon.
 Ye Women and Fools, ye Children,
 And all who were there ;
 Be ſure you remember the Wonders of *April*,
 And the Fireworks Fair ! O rare ! &c.
 The Laughter of Nations, the Sport of the Cunning,
 Full forty good Thouſands
 Blown up in the Air. O rare ! O rare !

F I N I S.

Blown up in the Air. O rare! O rare!
 Millions good thousands
 The laughter of Nations, the Sport of the Cunning,
 And the throw of the Fair!
 He has you remember the Wonders of
 And all who were there;
 Ye Women and Youth, Ye Children,
 The, hatched in the Moon.
 This was a strange Fair, which catch'd Great and Small,
 And empty their own;
 To heap the Pools, and in the Mass Pockets,
 Because he was so fair!
 Who now turn, and at the high Fair,
 To see our Great and Small to catch Pools,
 It's my own work, and I know on this!
 At Folly and Notion, you give not nor laugh,
 Ye Franchises, I charge you, you give not nor laugh,
 The whole is a Folly.
 When Dukes are a Sporting, and Tools go a Working,
 'Tis the same old story.
 The Cuckoo alight did answer the Thunders,
 'Sister, What does it mean?
 Who all flock'd together, to ask but one Question,
 This never was seen;
 Such a meeting of French, Dutch, and Mongrels,
 And laugh'd at the Sight!
 O rare! O rare!
 The Crows who raised the numerous Mock, did
 Make the World full of Noise;
 The Fowls of the Court, how duff'd all the Clouds,
 And how'd the fair
 Change'd Dances to Light, made Feats to be wile.

